More Than A Million Miles

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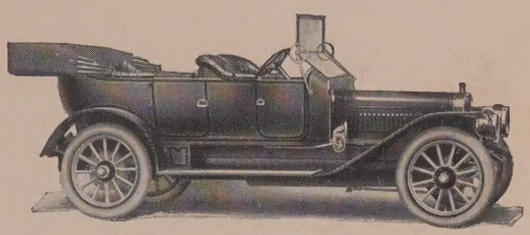

World's Record Cars

Our complete records cover 170 cars, standard Winton Sixes, manufactured in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911.

Fifty of these cars made the world's lowest repair expense record of 22.8 cents per 1000 miles. We have already advertised these figures.

The natural thought is that the other cars "didn't do as well." But let's see.

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Sworn records show that 46 other cars (cars not included among the world's record cars) traveled 400,000 miles, averaging 8750 miles each, without incurring a single cent of repair expense.

These cars were not placed by the judges among the world's record cars because the world's record cars averaged a greater distance (14,800 miles each), and with so little expense that it was practically nothing at all.

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Now consider the worst performances of all.

There were 27 cars whose repair expenses were high—$65.87 per car on total mileage of 300,000 miles, or 11,000 miles each.

Nothing much to be proud of in that record—because the other Winton Six records are so much better.

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It is 580 times the distance from New York to Paris.

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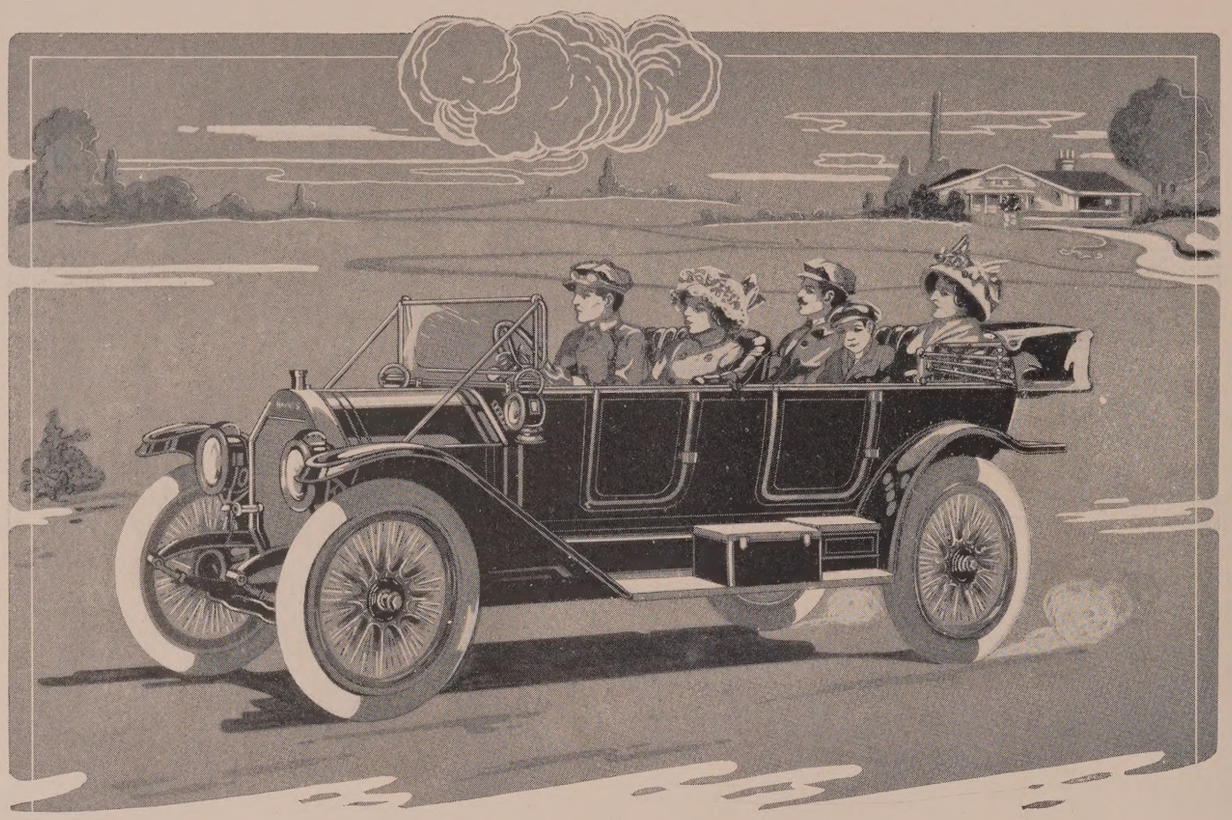
HAYNES



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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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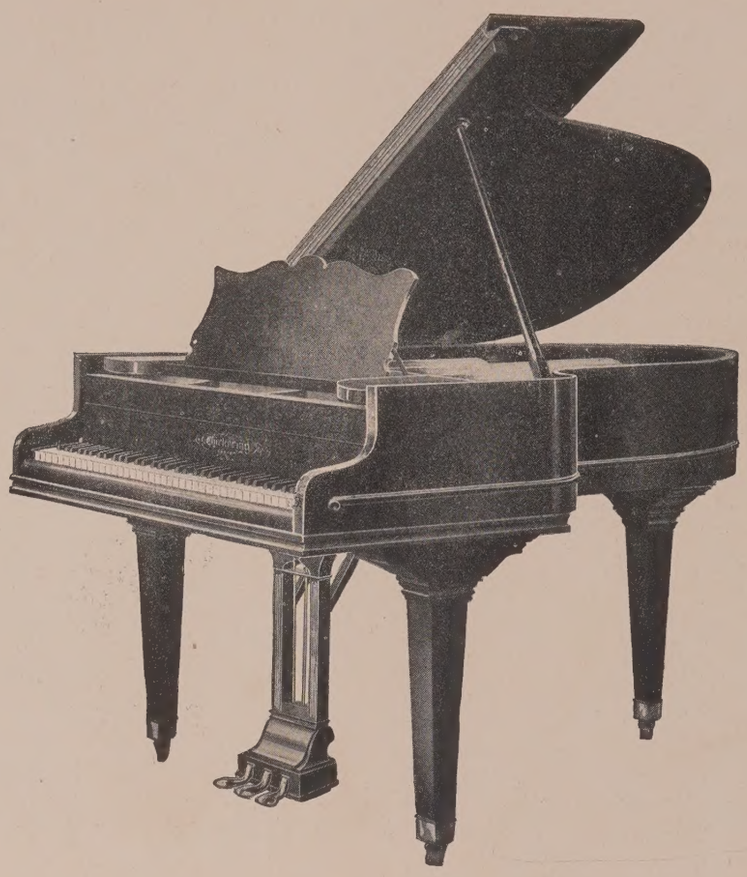

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XV MARCH, 1912 No. 133

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

Moffett

MRS. FISKE IN "LADY PATRICIA" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Hall

From the left (seated) are: Ada Lewis, Helena Collier Garrick, Lew Fields, Fay Templeton, William Collier, Lillian Russell.
From left (standing): George Beban, Joe Weber, John T. Kelly

A REHEARSAL OF THE WEBER AND FIELDS' JUBILEE COMPANY AT THE BROAWAY THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

LYCEUM. "Lydia Gilmore." Play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced February 1 with the following cast:

Lydia Gilmore.....Margaret Anglin	Tom Rendle.....Wilfred Draycott
Mrs. Stracey.....Jane Tyrell	Ned Gilmore.....Master Daniel Burns
Maisie Gilmore.....Gertrude Hitz	Mr. Stallard.....T. C. Hamilton
Dellar .....Margaret Johnson	Max Stallard .....Malcolm Owen
Agnes Rennie....Winifred Arthur Jones	Jarrold .....William Sampson
Richard Benham, K. C.....Lee Baker	Truscott .....Frederick Powell
Dr. Clement Gilmore.....John Blair	The Judge.....Halbert Brown
James Stracey.....John Miltern	Mr. Sharbrook, K. C....Henry Vaughan

Henry Arthur Jones has contributed many plays of the highest distinction and some of faultless form to our stage. We do not count it severely against him that he has fallen short in his latest one, "Lydia Gilmore." It would be something in the nature of ingratitude, at least, not to acknowledge that many of the scenes in this play are contrived and executed with a skill that excites admiration; but, on the whole, the piece was unsatisfactory.

The theory of the play was wrong. Its problem would seem, at first, to be worth the while. To what extent will a woman go to shield her child from the stigma of being known as the son of a murderer. In some countries no one of the family is required to testify in a case of crime involving a member of it. A wife would experience a sense of self-protection in shielding her husband who had killed a man, not out of sordid motives, but in circumstances that might be called accidental. Lydia Gilmore is horrified on the discovery of the plight of her husband, to whom she is faithful, but not emotionally devotive. The situation is one of perplexity. She must think of herself, of her imperiled social position, and when she thinks of her child and his future, it is natural enough that she should determine to go to any length to protect all these interests.

We can readily assent to the reasonableness of her conduct, but lively sympathy we cannot grant. What is the result? The play becomes a detective story and reaches its highest interest, of a kind, in a trial case. Lydia has sent away her boy, whose testimony would convict his father if he told the truth, and when the judge orders that he be produced, she cannot meet the ordeal, and her efforts to clear her husband fail. There is abundant emotion, and of a complex kind, in her struggle with the circumstances, but we can only follow that struggle with the interest of curiosity. We witness the torture of a woman, little more. Such interest as there is consists in doubtful expectation as to her success or failure in carrying through the lie agreed upon between her and her husband. She swears that he did not leave the house or her side on the night of the murder. He had killed the husband of the woman with whom he was having an intrigue, and who caught the guilty couple together. Lydia Gilmore could not consider the unfaith of her own husband. She is controlled by her love for her boy. Her motive in trying to defeat legal justice was strong enough, but the audience was not disposed to make it their business.

And yet as a detective story there were plenty of thrills. The visits of the detective to the house and the incidents leading up to the arrest and trial, the two principals being hunted and at bay, are surely not uninteresting. It may be granted that a detective is not a new character, and certainly no actor can be found who can play the character in any distinctly new way. Mr. Frank Keenan might do it; Mr. Sampson, as Jarrold, did not. But all the work, that of the dramatist and the actors, was thrown away on the case of a woman who was simply working out the theory of the dramatist that it would be exceedingly interesting to see what a mother would do to protect the future life and happiness of her boy. It simply did not work.

Henry Arthur Jones does not lose in our esteem for his ability, but he does lose on the side of mistaken judgment. As a detective story, the play is extremely interesting up to a certain point, but that point happens to be the vital point. No further interest is possible. The play at once fails as a whole. To tag on the sentimental prospect of Lydia's finding a better husband in her old lover, the lawyer who had tried to help her at the trial —a rather improbable circumstance—is too tame to be drama.

Miss Margaret Anglin, as Lydia, was at her best. Her acting alone made the play worth witnessing. Her adoration of her boy was most tenderly expressed, and if the situations were essentially theatrical, we have never seen her less so. She, at least, filled her part and accomplished Mr. Jones' theory to the fullest extent. Mr. John Blair was the unhappy husband, and, no doubt, was rendered more unhappy by the brevity and paucity of his

scenes and with the knowledge that he had to kill himself off stage. The play was a disappointment and was withdrawn.

LIBERTY. "ELEVATING A HUSBAND." Domestic comedy drama in four acts by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. Produced on January 22 last with the following cast:

Charles Sample.....Louis Mann	Mrs. Muhren.....Mathilde Cotrelly
Herbert Duncan.....Conway Tearle	Prof. Benson.....J. Homer Hunt
Frank Forsythe.....Lester Kenyon	Prof. Cox.....Howard Scott
Prof. Topfer.....Charles Halton	Prof. Del'Oro.....Edward E. Horton
Florence Elwood.....Jessie Carter	Henry.....Sterling H. Cheseldine
Letty .....Emily Ann Wellman	Alice .....Clara De Witt
Mrs. Sample.....Marion Holcombe	Bessie .....Beatrice Bentley

Mr. Louis Mann is a most capable stage manager and an actor of very marked individuality. He is one of the few American players on our stage to-day who is able to completely submerge his own identity in that of the character he chooses to impersonate, which, of course, is the only real test of good acting. He is an artist in the best sense, not a mere walking gentleman, compelled to count largely on his tailor and his personal popularity for success, as do too many of our so-called "stars." Mr. Mann has the true histrionic gift. He breathes life into a part. He can make us cry as well as he can make us laugh. That is why the public likes him, and it explains also why, when in making a new production he is always sure of a *succès d'estime,* no matter what faults his vehicle may have. His new play, "Elevating a Husband," is influenced too much by the expedience of the stage. The authors depend too much upon momentary and trivial incidents; and finally they are not entirely successful in the concluding scenes in persuading us that Charles Sample has reached the highest elevation of an elevated husband.

Mr. Mann is seen as Charles Sample, who thought the world of his mother. He was also highly successful as proprietor of a lengthening chain of five and ten-cent stores. In the flush of his middle-class prosperity and comfort he married Letty, a poor but virtuous young music teacher living at the same boarding-house. Letty's head became turned with so much money, so she built them a beautiful home and entertained a number of snobbish social spongers therein, even venturing to criticize Charles for his boorishness, and heartlessly insisting that his poor old mother wear corsets. In due time Herbert Duncan, the spurned and ungrateful rival for Letty's hand, who had been befriended by the generous Charles, appears upon the scene as the usual "tame cat," trying to solicit the wavering Letty from her duty. Charles returns from a business trip to find that Herbert has falsified accounts at the stores and ruined him. Learning that Letty has loaned Herbert some money, he imagines the worst, and gives Herbert his choice between suicide and exposure. Herbert tries and then declines to do either. Charles drops everything and runs away. Two years later he returns to find Herbert has gone to England, while Letty has sold the house and with the proceeds purchased a third interest in the chain of stores, which has been taken over and revived by a new company. Letty tells Charles that she never responded to Herbert's advances, anyway, so Charles takes her to his arms.

The aim of the authors was to tell a story, and a very unconvincing story it was. It might look very pretty in a magazine, but as a dramatic piece, even the Liberty Theatre could not make all things free and equal. In the first place, people will not sympathize with a husband who lets his wife elevate him to snobbishness, even if he does plead press of business as an excuse. When you expect things to quicken up and hold interest, the characters irritate by doing nothing.

The biggest thrill of the piece is a disappointment, because after working us up to painful intensity by the clever acting of Sample, Herbert refuses to kill himself.

Copyright Charles Frohman

JOHN AND ETHEL BARRYMORE IN J. M. BARRIE'S "ADVANCED DRAMA," "A SLICE OF LIFE"

Louis Mann did everything possible to make an outline live. Emily Ann Wellman rose to every meagre opportunity in the cramped part of Letty. Charles Halton made the secretary believable. Marion Holcombe made a personal impression as the little old mother. Mathilde Cotrelly tried hard to fit the impossible pattern of the caricature landlady, and Conway Tearle sneered successfully as the villianous Herbert. But in spite of the united efforts of the very capable company, despite most of the little points of interest that plainly were interpolated by them, things would persist in going around in circles back to the starting place, until, by the time the play was half over, authors and characters were swept off their balance.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE." Play in four acts by Eugene Walter, founded on the novel of John Fox, Jr. Produced Jan. 29 with this cast:

June, Charlotte Walker; John Hale, Berton Churchill; Bob Berkeley, Richard Sterling; Uncle Billy, George Woodward; Ole Hun, Lillian Dix; Judd Tolliver, W. S. Hart; Dave Tolliver, Willard Robertson; Loretty Tolliver, Alice Lindahl; Cal Heaton, Cyrus Wood.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is a beautiful and effective production in the matter of scenery; it is filled with the atmosphere of the mountain, and its characters are, for the most part, to the purpose, but the play lacks cohesion and definiteness of story. The scenes are definite enough, but the result taken altogether is unsatisfactory. Many of the characters are true mountain types; but June, the mountain girl, is neither in the line she speaks nor in the acting of the part remotely true to the actuality of mountain life.

If there is a romantic aspect to light among the moonshiners and feudists, it is not of the kind that speaks in poetic language or indulges in sentiment of the kind found only in books. It is no injustice to Miss Charlotte Walker to say that her acting does not fit the part. Her art is there, but it does not apply to the case. Her beautiful hair afloat in the breezes is not mountain hair. Her comeliness is not of the mountain kind. She is not the mountain girl. Indeed, it would be impossible for her to be the girl of the Lonesome Pine, as seen in the beginning of the play, subject to the refinement of the schooling provided by the "foreigner" who comes to bring prosperity to these rude and simple people. It is proper enough and possible to idealize such a character, but we must see her in her true original state.

The story of the play provides many thrilling scenes, but only for the moment. The principal advance over the old gunplay melodrama is that no shots are fired on the stage and no smell of gun powder asserts that this is melodrama. The play as a study of character is too much of a refraction. Too many things are left undone that should be done in order to make these figures, true enough in themselves, true to their life. The lovely scenery helps to prevent it from giving the full impression of the old melodrama, but many of the incidents of it are there.

Within ten minutes of the rise of the curtain, old Judd Tolliver is suddenly seen standing on a ledge of rock at the top of the trail with a gun leveled with deadly firmness of nerve at John Hale, the newly-come engineer at the gap, he who is to render homage unto June, the daughter. Old Judd takes him for a revenue officer, but there are explanations which end in potations of moonshine whiskey, June drinking the raw stuff with alacrity. John Hale has June educated at the school at the gap. Dave Tolliver, in love with her from boyhood, does not like him. He, too, in the first act, draws a gun on John Hale with characteristic native deadly nerve, without a tremor in the leveled gun, and with theatrical impressions. These are good bits of acting. Dave comes to the gap to demand that June go home with him and marry him as she had promised. He again levels the gun at his rival, but John's companion, Bob Berkley, comes around the corner of the house, gets the drop on him and makes him throw his gun to the ground.

ANNA WHEATON

This clever singing and dancing comedienne, who is appearing this season with Sam Bernard in "He Came From Milwaukee," met with her first real success in "Madame Troubadour." She made her début on the stage with James A. Herne in "Sag Harbor," and for one season she appeared with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"

Is this saved from absolute and familiar melodrama by the beautiful scenery? Almost, but not altogether. We dwell upon this element in the play because it is extraordinary. We commend detached parts of the play as extraordinary, and that it all misses completeness in effect is to be deplored. The story is irregular. The feud breaks out and John's friend, Bob, is wounded, as he supposes, by Dave. The big scene is where John bursts in the door in Judd's cabin and demands that Dave be delivered to him. What he is going to do with him is not clear, but it promises a strong bit of melodrama. It means that murder is at hand, but there is no murder, for Bob recovers his senses long enough to say that Dave did not shoot him, that he saw the man who did, and so the situation is relieved. We have no flash of shots. Dave's life is saved by an amiable lie, it seems, for the next act is left open for peace, with Dave giving up his claim on the girl and getting ready to emigrate West. In point of fact, mountain men rarely make way for a rival without forcing conclusions to the fighting point, and they rarely emigrate. They may move further up troublesome creek or cross the ridge to another valley, but they do not leave the mountains. The play, with reference to exciting situations with guns that never speak, has a certain interest—and there is the scenery.

CRITERION. "WHITE MAGIC." Comedy in three acts by David Graham Phillips and Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced Jan. 24 with this cast:

Beatrice Richmond.....Gertrude Elliott
Roger Wade.....Julian L'Estrange
Hector Richmond.....George Le Guere
Mrs. Daniel Richmond.....Ruth Chester
Allie Kinnear.....Florence Brian
Mrs. Kinnear.....Suzanne Sheldon
John Capulet.....Alexander Scott-Gatty
Daniel Richmond.....Ben Johnson
Butler.....Charles Dowd
Valentine.....Suzanne Perry

The inevitable arrived even sooner than was expected. With less than a two-weeks' run to its attenuated credit, "White Magic" fluttered out, the Criterion went dark for a week, and Gertrude Elliott began rehearsing a new part.

The late David Graham Phillips as an author is still one of the best sellers, and his numerous novels have been accepted by the critical fraternity as strong and vigorous phases of contemporaneous American life. But they apparently will not serve as fundamentals for the acting drama. This is the third attempt that has been made to fashion plays out of his novels. One produced some years since at the now demolished Madison Square Theatre had a brief run. James K. Hackett did not find "The Grain of Dust" a profitable medium as far as this city is concerned, and now "White Magic" shares even more emphatically the fate of its predecessors. It is useless to discuss the piece at any length. It depicted the adventures of a strong-willed, independent daughter of a multi-millionaire, who fell in love with a poor but still more independent artist and married her in spite of himself. To detail the exciting story a plethora of words was used. It was altogether a futile and depressing venture, lacking in interest and substance.

Miss Gertrude Elliott did as much as was possible with a stupid rôle, and Julian L'Estrange struggled with equal effort to make interesting the socialistic artist. Father and mother of the girl, perfectly conventional parts, were respectively enacted by Ben Johnson and Susanne Sheldon. (*Continued on page xi*)

Mr. Winthrop Ames and the Little Theatre

WINTHROP AMES

THE first performance at the Little Theatre, the playhouse for the presentation of intimate drama, which Mr. Winthrop Ames has built at 240 West 44th Street, will take place the first week in March. The opening play is "The Pigeon," a new comedy by John Galsworthy, the author of the dramas, "Strife," "Justice" and "The Silver Box," and of a number of novels and short stories.

The Little Theatre is the smallest playhouse in the city for the production of dramatic attractions, its seating capacity being considerably under 500. A special and very unusual feature of the construction of the house is the doing away with boxes, balconies and gallery. The fifteen rows of orchestra seats have been so arranged that the view is just as good from the outside seat in the fifteenth row as from any other seat in the house. A feature at this theatre will be a series of special matinée performances, at which Mr. Ames plans to present some very unusual plays of varying lengths. These special matinées will probably be given four or five times a week. The first of these plays to be given afternoon performances will be produced about the middle of March.

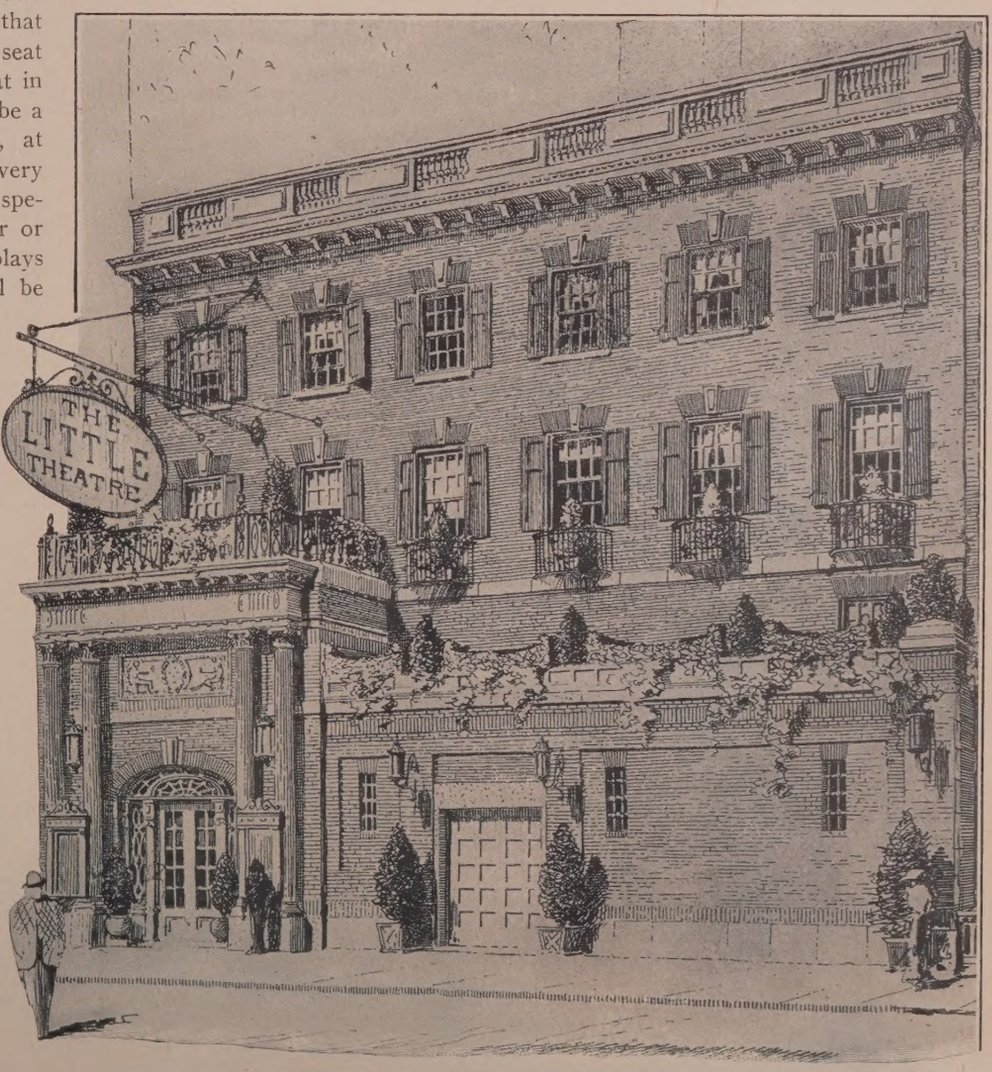
Special attention has been paid to the building of the stage, in order to secure the best scenic and lighting effects. The house will be supplied with a revolving stage, the only one in New York, aside from the Century (formerly the New) Theatre, in order to do away with the long waits between acts. The stage is large in proportion to the auditorium, and is ample for the presentation of large scenic effects.

"In spite of its small size," said Mr. Ames to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "the Little Theatre will not have the effect of a hall or lyceum. It is a complete theatre merely reduced from the average dimensions—no smaller, indeed somewhat larger, than many a theatre of the same type abroad, as, for instance, the Little Theatre in London, Reinhardt's Kammerspiele in Berlin, or the Théâtre des Arts in Paris. All of these were built with the same idea in mind—the close connection between actor and audience, that all the subtle shades of voice and expression, so important to the effect of modern plays, may reach the spectators. But there are to be no galleries, no balconies and no boxes. Every seat in the house is an orchestra seat, and every seat is as good as every other. The spectator in the last row (the fifteenth) can see and hear quite as well as the one in the first. Sight lines are perfect, and the seats are the most roomy, and the widest between rows, of any in New York.

"One short flight below the auditorium there will be a large Lounge, to which, I hope, the audience will resort during the longer intermissions. Coffee will be served in the Lounge evenings and tea afternoons.

"I am convinced people enjoy a play more if they don't attempt to sit still throughout the length of an average performance.

"But these are externals. The (*Continued on page vii*)



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DISCLOSING THE SECRET OF THE SEALED WARDROBE

"Versiegelt" at the Metropolitan Opera House

LEO BLECH
Composer of "Versiegelt"

THEY have slumbered not nor slept at the Metropolitan this month, and opera performances have been falling thick and fast about subscribers' ears. The month has brought to hearing its novelty, the third new opera of the operatic year—this time a one-act "comic opera" called "Versiegelt," or, as we would have expressed it, "Under Seal."

There is one curious thing about the present season's novelties, they have all been of a happy nature. Usually grand opera deals with death, poison and duplicity; the end is usually a funeral ceremony in the minor key, and sometimes there are scarcely enough characters left for the composer to finish, so violent has been the onslaught of the librettist.

Whether the choice of novelties this season reflects Mr. Gatti Casazza's placid nature, or whether it just happens by chance that they all mirror happiness, that cannot be determined. Still the fact remains that "Lobetanz," while having its lugubrious moments, ended in a waltz, and that "Le Donne Curiose" was operatic champagne. And now comes "Versiegelt," which is a comic opera.

Its first performance in America occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House on January 20, 1912, with the following cast:

Braun, Burgomaster, Hermann Weil; Elsie, his daughter, Bella Alten; Frau Gertrud, a young widow, Johanna Gadski; Bertel, her son, Hermann Jadlowker; Lampe, Constable, Otto Goritz; Neighbor Knote, Marcel Reiner; Champion Marskman, Basil Ruysdael.

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LOUISE HOMER AS ORFEO

The libretto is by Richard Batka and Pordes-Milo, after a story by Rauppach. The music is by Leo Blech, first conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera House, a German of forty. This opera has been performed time and time again in Germany. While its humor is typically Teutonic, it is so amusingly handled and so well "sent across" the footlights that the work promises to take a permanent place in the Metropolitan repertoire. It will probably cause a divorce in one opera family, the "Cavalleria Rusticana"-"Pagliacci" family so long wedded; now "Versiegelt" will probably be allied with one of these each time it is given a hearing.

The plot revolves about a wardrobe owned by Frau Willmers, which the Burgomaster, Braun, has "attached" for taxes. This is an act of spite, for Frau Willmers' son, Bertel, is in love with Elsie, daughter of the Burgomaster. Now this old wardrobe is a highly cherished piece of furniture. To save it from the hands of the Constable, Lampe, Frau Willmers asks her neighbor, Frau Gertrud, to give it house room. The latter consents, and the whole action thus takes place in Frau Gertrud's living room, some time about 1830, the locale being a German village.

Here is where the plot thickens. Gertrud, a widow, is in love with the Burgomaster. He is a widower and has a tender spot in his heart for Gertrud, but has never been lured to the point of declaration. Now, with all the traps set for German comedy, the action begins. Lampe, constable, comes to Gertrud and discovers the "attached" wardrobe of Frau Willmers. He dashes forth to tell this news to the Burgomaster, but in his absence

the Burgomaster himself calls on the Widow Gertrud. He indulges in tender speeches and is about to seal his love with a kiss when Lampe's voice is heard. With no chance to escape, the Burgomaster hides himself in the wardrobe. Lampe comes in, claims the wardrobe and puts the seals of state on it, making the Burgomaster a prisoner. Then Lampe hears a noise in the wardrobe, and putting his green cotton umbrella through the crevice arrives at the conclusion that a man is concealed within. That is scandal of the choicest order, so he races off to the Burgomaster to tell him the news. Elsie and Bertel now enter, are told that the stern parent is caught captive in the wardrobe, and they offer to release him only after he has given the young couple his blessing and a handsome dowry. Then he is set free, and for a joke he locks the young couple in the wardrobe. The end is happy—the Burgomaster pairs off with Gertrud, Elsie and Bertel are engaged, and Lampe and Frau Willmers loom up as prospective bride and groom. That is all of this simple tale, which has "Made in Germany" stamped all over its fun and sentiment. The music is really delightful, though it seems to lean pretty heavily upon Wagner's "Meistersinger" for mood, and the orchestration also suggests Wagner at times. But there is more in it than simply a borrowed Wagner inspiration, for it is really very pretty—not a great work, not one that shows the master hand of genius in themes or in workmanship, but an honestly made score that in moments really sparkles with the fun of the story.

The Metropolitan performance was one of the best imaginable, and its star was Otto Goritz, who acted and sang Lampe inimitably. His mask was excellent, his uniform was finely rendered grotesque by the green cotton umbrella, and his singing was shriekingly funny. He had a "patter song" that was a joy. Gadski was Gertrud, looking charming in a quaint costume and singing admirably. Her humor appeared a bit heavy at moments, but possibly it was so intended for the "period." Jadlowker, as the loving swain, Bertel, was delightful; and Bella Alten as his beloved Elsie was capital. Weil acted the Burgomaster with much dignity, and Mattfeld was in the mood as Frau Willmers.

Alfred Hertz conducted the work delightfully, voicing the comedy and the delicacy with a light hand, and also giving the sentimental episodes their full Teutonic value.

Another new, old novelty of the season was the year's first performance of "Das Rheingold"—one of the best ever given here. It all went with the spirit of reverence and tradition, singers and orchestra covered themselves with credit generally. There were some exceptions, one being Alma Gluck, who left much to be desired as Freia; and another being Weil, who sang Wotan as carefully attired as though he had patronized the latest Walhall tailoring establishment and bought a pair of cunning khaki puttees. His beard was also carefully marcelled. But there criticism ceases. Matzenauer, as Fricka, was admirable; Homer was an impressive Erda; and the three Rhine Maidens were Sparkes, Alten and Wickham all adequate. Goritz, as Alberich; Burrian, as Loge, and Griswold and Ruysdael as the Giants—they were all commendable.

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EMMY DESTINN IN "TOSCA"

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MAURICE RENAUD IN "RIGOLETTO"

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LEO SLEZAK
Well-known Metropolitan tenor heard recently in recital

And Hertz conducted an unusually sympathetic and effective performance.

Louise Homer, above casually mentioned, returned to the Metropolitan roster of artists a few weeks earlier in an admirable performance of "Orfeo ed Euridice." This sterling contralto had not appeared earlier in the season, as she was engaged obeying the imperative summons of the stork; and not until little Hester Makepeace Homer was old enough to be trusted with a substitute did Mme. Homer again take up her operatic duties. She returned in unimpaired voice and made a lovely and sympathetic picture again as the boyish Orfeo.

"Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" was revived for the season—one of last year's novelties, this exotic opera by Paul Dukas. There were no changes in the cast from last season's productions save that Matzenauer sang the part of the Nurse and made much of this rôle, almost dominating the scene in the first act. Farrar, as Ariane, was in one of her best moments vocally on this occasion, and her acting was a vast improvement over last year's work in this difficult part. Rothier, as Bluebeard, was admirable, and Jeanne Maubourg was excellent as Selysette.

Signor Toscanini conducted with care and devotion, but the music scarcely gripped its hearers. It is so tardy in inspiration, its features of modern dissonances and vagueness of theme are so disappointing. The ear is kept tense listening and hoping for what really never comes.

There was a new Elsa one night—Emmy Destinn singing this rôle here for the first time in an unusually good "Lohengrin" performance. Destinn is not an ideal Elsa, so far as the eye is concerned. She suggests nothing ethereal; she does not even attempt to do so, happily. But she sings it with vocal beauty and lushness that quite silences all criticism. Jadlowker's Lohengrin was a beautiful bit of work, and Homer was a dramatic Ortrud.

Another new feature of the month was the first time here of Maurice Renaud in the rôle of Valentin in a good "Faust" performance. He dressed the part artistically and simply, abandoning all idea of trying to resemble a carnival mad chap, bedecked with plumes and ribbons—which always looks silly. And Renaud acted it, too, just as one would expect this great artist to disport himself. But Valentin is sheerly a lyric part, and Renaud's voice is not equal to it.

Renaud had made his re-entry of the season earlier, in the title part of "Rigoletto," which he acted superbly, with all melodramatic force required by this old-fashioned part. No one has any illusions about his voice, and his splendid acting makes reparation for many sins of singing.

Tetrazzini, who sang Gilda again, has continued at other times to let her vocal fireworks so shine that her hearers may be dazzled by them. Another visitor was Alice Neilsen, who sang Mimi in a "Bohême" performance, and showed improvement over former years. Smirnoff was the Rodolfo, and he shed no lustre over the evening, nor did he arouse feelings of joy in the bosoms of his critical listeners.

Leaving the Metropolitan at this point, and turning the humble ear to concert halls for the moment, may not bore the reader. First of all, there is to record the initial American appearance of Elena Gerhardt in recital. In Germany she is regarded as a great Lieder singer, and at Carnegie Hall she proved her claim to this position of eminence in short time. She has not an exquisite soprano voice, save in the lower register, where her tones are simply luscious; nor does she pretend to act her songs. Yet she brings to bear on her interpretations a rare intelligence that makes her a wonderful artist. Notable were her Brahms songs, but she proved herself mistress not of any single school—Schubert, Franz, Hugo Wolf, Strauss, all being treated alike so far as brains and skill went. She has rare brains and she displays this fact in every song. There is never anything commonplace in her singing, it is all of an exaltedly high order. And her accompaniments were simply exquisitely played by Paula Hegner, a jewel among accompanists.

Edmond Clèment, that rare French tenor, gave a song recital, too, and had his hearers at his feet again by his exquisite singing. He sang the "Manon" aria like an angel—so, too, was the Bizet "Pastorale" done wonderfully. He is a delightful artist, and it is a pity that he is not numbered among the Metropolitan roster of artists.

Still another tenor recital was given by Bonci, famous Italian singer of *bel canto,* and he again evoked storms of applause by his delicate phrasing.

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JOSEF HOFMANN
The distinguished Polish pianist whose recital in New York drew a vast audience to Carnegie Hall

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EDMOND CLEMENT
The eminent French tenor who was heard recently in song recital

ARTHUR NIKISCH
The great orchestra conductor who is coming to America at the head of The London Symphony Orchestra

ELENA GERHARDT
Great German *Lieder* singer recently heard at Carnegie Hall

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SIGNOR BONCI
Famous Italian singer of the *Bel Canto* school, recently heard in recital

GERTRUDE RENNYSON
Well-known American soprano recently heard at a Symphony Society Concert

FRAÜLEIN LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN, WHOSE ART AND STRIKING PERSONALITY HAVE FASCINATED NEW YORK

A Slave of Fatal Enchantment

Fraülein Leopoldine Konstantin, of the Reinhardt players, has established the fact that even on the stage "actions speak louder than words." While words fail one in describing her wonderful art, they are not necessary to understand every line of her acting. As the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment in the wordless play, "Sumurun," now casting its Oriental magic spell over enthusiastic audiences in the Moorish Casino, Fraülein Konstantin gets over more real lines without words than it would be possible for anyone to do with words, even if specially arranged by such a triumvirate of word painters as Shakespeare, Maeterlinck and Arthur Wing Pinero. She *acts!*

As Richard Ordynski, general stage director for Max Reinhardt, who came here to stage "Sumurun," said while we were waiting outside Fraülein Konstantin's dressing-room for her to take her "make-up" bath before going on:

"It is to bring back acting in its pure state to the modern stage, instead of over-emphasizing the poetry of acting—the words and their arrangement as literature—that Professor Reinhardt puts stress on the acting. For instance, in his productions of 'Sumurun' and 'The Miracle' he did not select pantomimists, but actors of speaking parts—some of the best trained of the modern German players. They *act* the rôles; they do not pantomime them."

In proof of Herr Reinhardt's theory that the poetry of a play and the diction of the actor must give way to acting as an art, when "Sumurun" was first constructed, it was not written like other plays—there was not any such rôle as *The Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment.* At the first rehearsal Fraülein Konstantin was just an ordinary slave girl, like the others who are bartered for. Sumurun was the principal rôle. But Reinhardt, like our own Belasco, has eyes with which he sees, and he caught a glimpse of powerful, subtle acting in the wonderfully plastic movements of his young pupil, who, he was afraid, "could not act!" He beckoned to Fraülein Konstantin, and told her that he wanted her to be "such and such" a slave girl.

"Just think over how such a slave girl should act," he said, "and then act as you think she would amid these surroundings."

That was all that was said by master to pupil. Fraülein Konstantin straightened up her beautiful, lithe figure, flashed her wondrous hazel eyes, and then let herself loose in a series of fiery, passionate Oriental movements. With her wonderfully

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HARRIET STANDON IN "WHEN SWEET SIXTEEN" AT DALY'S

plastic art, the tremendous fire and passion of the movements of her body, and her fluidly expressive facial play, she "told the story" far better than it could be told with words, of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment. At once this became the principal part instead of the rôle of Sumurun in the piece.

This incident in the making of "Sumurun" shows how this play was built up. The piece was never written. There is no manuscript of "Sumurun," not even a book of the "business." All there is in the way of a book and plots of the play is carried in the heads of Reinhardt and Ordynski. It happened like this: Friedrich Freksa, the author, went to Reinhardt with his scenario. In five minutes it was accepted, and Freksa, as he was about to leave the manager's presence, elated over his good fortune, jubilantly said that he would have the complete manuscript ready soon. Reinhardt told him not to bother about it, but to return to the Kammerspiele, Berlin, the next day for the first rehearsal. Then Reinhardt posted a call for the players. The same principals were in the original production as are appearing here, with the exception of Fraülein Wiesenthal, a Viennese dancer, who first acted the part of Sumurun, and Rudolph Schildkraut,—now acting in Yiddish in the Bowery,—who created the rôle of the Hunchback.

With the company assembled, Reinhardt read to them Freksa's scenario of "Sumurun," and, after assigning the parts, told the players that he wanted them to first try to feel their rôles, and then to express those feelings by their actions. Further than that, he told each player to build up his own part, being careful, of course, to keep it in harmony with the general thread of the story. Victor Hollaender, the composer; Ernst Stern, the scenic artist, and Herr Ordynski, the stage director, also were present; and, in this co-operative method on the part of author, producer, composer, artist, stage manager, and players, "Sumurun" was made into an acting, but wordless play.

"That first rehearsal of 'Sumurun' was very funny," said Fraülein Konstantin. "The way we each went along with our own parts and our own business, as if the whole plot centered about each and every one of us, was ludicrous in the extreme. Every now and then Professor Reinhardt would break in with suggestions, telling us to accentuate this and subdue that, until everything was—well, natural, and true to life. All the time Professor Hollaender was composing the music, while sitting at the piano. Herr Reinhardt would shout to him to enliven up a certain scene with music, or to calm down another with a different musical *motif*. The scenic artist, mixed and mingled with us for ideas, all the time making little sketches on a pad he carried in his hand. It was the funniest rehearsal!"

This first rehearsal lasted for six hours, and they rehearsed "Sumurun" the same length of time each day for four weeks before the opening night.

"Herr Reinhardt suggested the spirit of the part, and then told me to act it," continued Fraülein Konstantin. "He does not tell his 'people' how they must play their parts, but he tells them to feel the part and play it. He draws out the emotions of the players by putting them into the situation the rôle calls for, and they cannot help but do as he wants them to do. He tells us always to act from within out. We must feel the part first, then we cannot help acting it. Before putting on the Slave's costume, I did not feel the part; but the minute I put on the costume I now wear in the play, I felt that I was the Slave. I sent the part back to Reinhardt two or three times, though, and told him that I wouldn't play such a bad part. I'm not bad, but when I put on the Slave's costume I feel 'bad'!" This Fraülein Konstantin said earnestly, reiterating it in English after it was translated to me. "You know," she said, with an appealing look in her beautiful brown eyes, "I'm not bad like that Slave. I only act bad in the part because I have to! I play good parts as well as bad ones. With Schildkraut, in Germany, I have acted Puck in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; Cordelia in 'King Lear'; Gretchen in 'Faust'; Louisa in 'Kabale und Liebe,' by Schiller; Amalie, in Schiller's 'Die Räuber'; the leading part, Mutter Maria, in 'Gawann'—an impersonation of the Virgin Mary—and other parts vastly more spiritual than the Slave."

She likes speaking rôles, but says that in "Sumurun" she does not miss the words.

(*Continued on page ix*)

Sarony

MISS BILLIE BURKE, NOW APPEARING IN "THE RUNAWAY," ON THE ROAD

Boston's Toy Theatre

IN a narrow little street on the slope of Beacon Hill, in Boston, there stands a three-story building, with a mansard roof, which for many years was a stable, and now is a theatre. The street is so obscure that multitudes of born and confirmed Bostonians could not locate it, yet it is almost under the shadow of the gilded dome of the State House. The playhouse is so diminutive that it seats but 130 persons, yet the opening of what has been named "The Toy Theatre" was a society function of no mean dimensions.

A representative company of Boston's most exclusive literary and society people are giving time and toil to make this unique American theatre a successful venture—successful not in the box-office sense, for there is no box-office, but successful from the viewpoint of dramatic and artistic excellence. Miss Dorothy Jordan, daughter of the merchant who is the Wanamaker of Boston, a dancer who is hailed as an amateur Isadora Duncan, will dance in the Toy Theatre. Miss Amy Lowell, sister of the president of Harvard, will translate Alfred De Musset's "A Caprice" for production in this transformed stable. Among those who appeared on the opening night of this Boston adaptation of the "Little Theatre," of London, were Hazel MacKaye, sister of the poet, who has performed on the professional stage; Eugenia Frothingham, a writer who bears a very distinguished Boston name, and Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., grandson of the former president of Harvard.

From the *Illustrated London News*

SCENE IN "ŒDIPUS REX" AS PRESENTED AT COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

The drawing shows the special arrangement of the Opera House for the production. A number of stalls were taken away so that much of the action takes place on a level with those seated on the floor of the house. A passage-way for actors runs down the centre of the auditorium

The lure of the Toy Theatre was strong enough to bring Oliver Herford and George Middleton over from New York to see their own plays produced on that opening night. Three short plays were then given, and the third of the group was George Bernard Shaw's "Press Cuttings." Most of the actors who are to appear behind the very excellent footlights of this stable-theatre, and upon its professional looking stage, are amateurs of more than local renown. The authors who will have to come before its curtain to bow their thanks to its critical audiences will include several persons of international reputation, among them Josephine Preston Peabody, the writer of "The Piper," whose other play, "The Wings," is in preparation. "The Angelus," by Ralph Adams Cram, is also to be produced. Mr. Cram is the architect chosen for the completing of New York's Cathedral St. John the Divine.

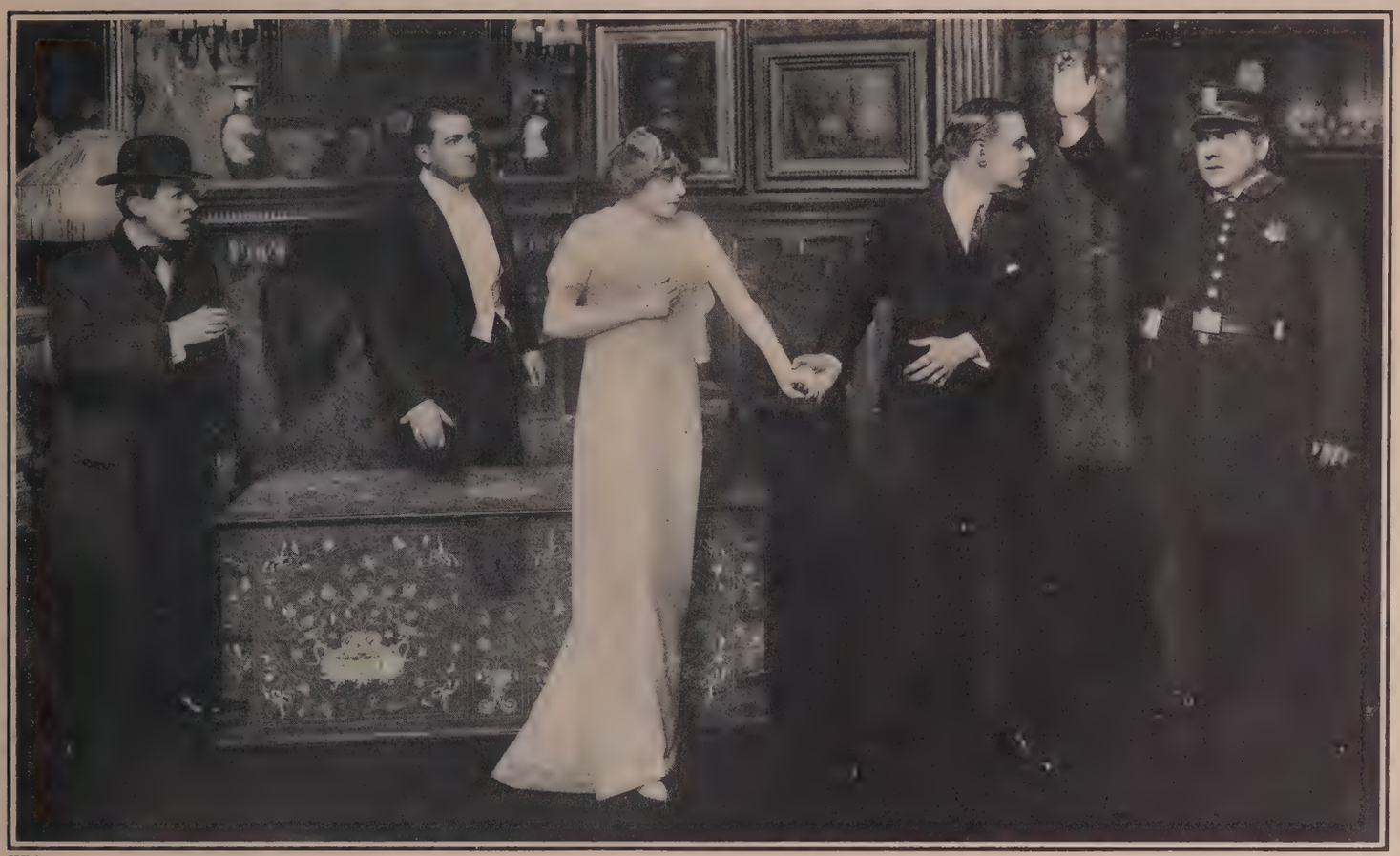
A long list of names might be cited to show that this midget of a theatre starts off with prestige a-plenty. Beulah Marie Dix is a member of the play-reading committee. Beatrice Herford serves on the advisory board. Lorin Deland will take an active part in the planning of the "seasons" of this smallest of theatres. The enterprise has the interest and support of Professor George Pierce Baker, who teaches dramatic literature at Harvard, and of Professor Louis Allard, of the same university, who is at home with the classic dramatic writers of France.

The Toy Theatre was planned, founded and named by Mrs. Lyman W. Gale. She gathered the people and the money that made it possible. She states her motive thus: "Toys that people make themselves, toys made of string, and wood, and anything that comes to hand, mean more to the children, and are far more valuable, both in educating and amusing their owners, than the finest ready-made toys the shops afford."

But the idea of the Toy Theatre came across the ocean, and its founding was due in part to the interest in playwriting that has sprung up in Boston. A Radcliffe girl won the John Craig prize, and her "End of the Bridge" had a long run at the Castle Square Theatre. Other plays by Radcliffe girls have been produced this winter in Boston. "The Piper," written by a former Radcliffe girl, won an international competition, and was produced at Stratford, England. Then Boston, too, has its full share of amateur actors, some of them of very unusual ability.

There have been "little theatres" before, but none in America so small as the Toy. Abroad there have been the Kammerspiele of Max Reinhardt in Berlin, the Théâtre des Arts in Paris, and the Little Theatre in London. These owe their vogue to their ability to produce exceptional plays in surroundings and under conditions that alone make possible the success of such dramatic works. Many plays are impossible on a large stage and before a big audience because of their delicacy. Other very meritorious plays appeal to so small a public that they could not fill an ordinary theatre, and the treasury would be put to it to find the

SCENES IN "OFFICER 666" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE



White M. W. Rale George Nash Ruth Maycliffe Wallace Eddinger Francis D. McGinn

Act II. Travers Gladwin (Mr. Eddinger): "Wait a minute, officer, until I see this lady to a cab"

Vivian Martin Percy Ames Camilla Crume Wallace Eddinger Ruth Maycliffe

Act. III. Mrs. Burton (Camilla Crume): "Oh, you're Mr. Gladwin!"

money to pay expenses. Many such plays, however, will give great pleasure to an audience in the intimacy of a theatre which seats but a small number of persons, and, staged at a small expense, they pay their way. It is this intimacy which saves the life of such a playhouse as the Toy Theatre. It is said that to the close proximity of audience and actors the "little theatres" of Europe have owed their success.

No corps of chorus girls will frolic about the stage of the theatre in Lime Street. Twenty persons would be a jam on that little platform. The word "auditorium" seems a rather large name for the small audience room. It's a pretty room just the same, with gray and unadorned walls and an oblong box at the end, which frames in the stage. There are thirteen rows, each with ten seats, and a middle aisle divides them into blocks of five.

Draw back the curtains, and the stage is disclosed, small but deep, and set with scenery that no great dividend-paying theatre can excel. The scenes were designed by artist friends of the venture, and they were painted by a good professional decorator. There is a good deal of apparatus overhead for so small a theatre. The gridiron has many ropes, and they are arranged with a system of parallel bars little used on most stages, because of the necessities of size. There is a good switchboard in one corner, with "dimmers" and all the technical requirements for getting good lighting effects.

All the upstairs space of the old stable had to be pressed into use for actors, managers and spectators. The dressing-rooms for the women of the cast are upstairs, and the property room, the make-up room, besides an office and a very handsome but most diminutive ladies' cloak-room. The men have to go up one more flight to reach their dressing-rooms, and in the mansard story also are the lodging places for the caretakers.

Passing the door of the theatre the visitor enters a hall as small even as the halls in the suites of apartments which are familiar to all who have to live in big cities. At one side is a coat-room, where perhaps a hundred coats may be hung, and at the other side a white stairway leads to the offices above.

The entrance itself is simple and handsome. No one who turns into the block-long lane, which unexpectedly opens out of River Street, not far from famous Louisburg Square, can miss it. The doorway is large and square, shining in new white paint, with a dozen small panes of glass to admit light to the "lobby," and this light is softened by the dainty hangings inside. Over the doorway runs a line of incandescents. What would the ordinary theatre think of an entrance made brilliant by just eight electric bulbs?

And on one side of this former stable, to which on play nights limousines bring loads of gaily dressed society people, there are the shops of a carpenter and a painter, and on the other is an ordinary stable unrelieved in its ugliness.

The program for the first season of the Toy Theatre calls for eight sets of fortnightly performances, for which only course tickets will be sold. Of each bill there will be four performances: on Monday evening a special invitation performance for students of the drama at Harvard, Radcliffe and elsewhere; on Tuesday evening and on Thursday afternoon and evening regular subscription performances. The pieces produced will be those alone which have not appeared on the professional stage. No old dramas will be revived. But many a small play by a standard dramatist will quite likely get its first production here.

To indicate the nature of the programmes, here is the first bill, produced on January 1, 2 and 4:

"TWO OUT OF TIME," BY OLIVER HERFORD.
Corydon, a Shepherd.....A. S. A. Brady
Madelaine, a Leading Lady.....Mary Gray

"IN HIS HOUSE," BY GEORGE MIDDLETON
Volney .....Henry Goodrich
Claire .....Eugenia Frothingham
Judith .....Hazel MacKaye

"PRESS CUTTINGS," BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
General Mitchener.....Samuel A. Eliot, Jr.
Orderly .....Waldo Glidden
Balsquith .....William C. Safford
Mrs. Farrell.....Mrs. Lyman W. Gale

The first of this group of short plays represented a modern actress and a fifteenth century shepherd, amid the woods of a picturesque forests. The second is taken from the volume of plays called "The Embers." The third is a topical skit by "the only Shaw," in which there are much farcical fun and biting sarcasm aimed at present-day political and social foibles of England.

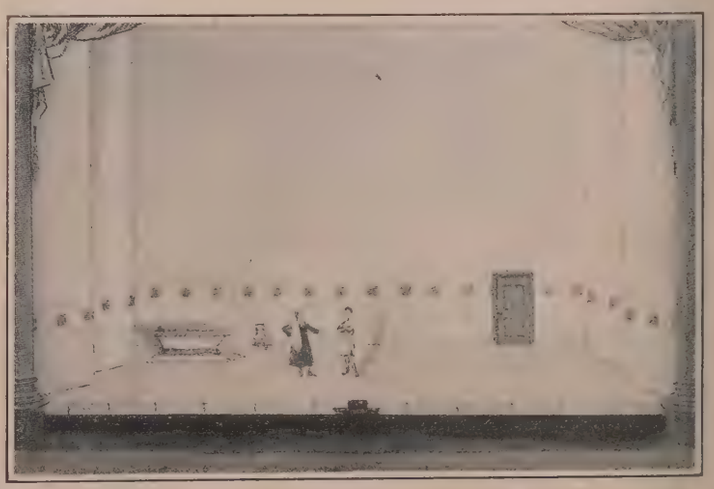
The production of this little drama was prohibited in London owing to the names given the principal characters and the words put into their mouths, for Balsquith seemed to suggest Asquith and Mitchener appeared to point to Kitchener. The plays given in the week of January 15 were: "Between Engagements," by Franz Hedberg, translated from the Swedish by Mrs. Karl Andern and Mrs. Gale, and "The Wings," by the writer of "The Piper!"

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

White

JOSE COLLINS
Daughter of Lottie Collins, seen in "Vera Violetta" at the Winter Garden

From *Sketch*



DIFFICULTIES OF FIT: TOURING COMPANY TRIALS

As given at the Gigantic Theatre, London: The great Derby Day scene from "Doped by Dorothy," as presented at the Bijou Theatre, Piptown

As given at the Miniature Theatre, London: Bathroom scene from "The Man Who took the Wrong Shaving Stick," as presented at The Colossus Theatre, Bigport

GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAETERLINCK) IN HER LEOPARD SKIN COAT

The Wife of Maeterlinck

IF only it were less unlikely that a French composer could ever have fallen under the spell of English verse, one might have said that Debussy, in writing the score of "Pélléas et Mélisande," was striving to express that sweet unearthly music of which Keats speaks when, in his "Ode to a Nightingale," he invokes the haunting strain

> "that ofttimes hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Maeterlinck would have us believe that this land of the eerie music is mediæval Normandy, and the sumptuous and intelligent mounting given to his piece, as recently produced (with his co-operation) at the Boston Opera House, skilfully reinforces this idea. The rooms, the galleries, the candles and *prie-dieu* within them; the forests, the park, the old well; the terraces, the grottoes and the towering battlements were all superbly and strikingly mediæval. Yet it was, none the less, only a "faery land forlorn" in which Mélisande lived out her short, sad life, the life itself being, to paraphrase Wordsworth, a thing

> "that never was, on sea or land."

Which is to say that, in spite of its distinctly tangible setting,—the kind of setting never before seen in America,—this opera, because of its text and because of its strange, unearthly music, belongs to no time and to no place; remains, in a word, what Maeterlinck must ever have meant it to be: a tragedy of the spirit, a symbol of the inevitable suffering which must come in a world of sense to certain fine natures who, though they themselves know not sin, become the victims of sin working in others.

Madame Maeterlinck's own conception of Mélisande is that she is a child, a child when found by Golaud in the forest, scarcely less a child when she thrusts her unbound hair out of the castle window for Pélléas, standing below, to caress; still a child when in the bosky park she naïvely tells her husband's brother that she loves him, and above all a child,—though just become a mother,—when, about to die, she answers her husband's brutal and insistent "Do you love Pélléas? Tell me, *do you love him?*" with the beautifully direct "Oh, yes, I love him; where is he?"

That a grown woman, and a French woman at that, could "get over the footlights" this conception of a character which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at any rate, regarded as very far from innocent in passion, called for art of the finest, highest kind. It also called

for pellucid purity in the personality behind the part. Madame Maeterlinck has this. Hers is the translucent soul of an exquisite child, and this, notwithstanding the fact that she has been made to say ridiculous things to many who have interviewed her in Boston. Few women are at their best in interviews — especially when they must be conducted through an interpreter—and that young journalist who told me (quite honestly) that the wife of the great Belgian poet said things so outrageous his paper (a yellow Sunday sheet!) could not *print* them, simply failed utterly to understand this woman of fine intelligence.

White

MARGARET ANGLIN

Recently seen in Henry Arthur Jones' play "Lydia Gilmore," which proved a failure and has since been withdrawn

Only a very good-natured person would have endured indeed the badgering to which this lady has been subjected in Boston for publicity purposes. This seems as good a place as any to say that if the Boston Opera House wishes to be sustained as a "civic institution," having its taxes remitted because of the cultural advantage an opera house is to a growing "port," it should speedily purge itself of vulgar sensationalism. Fancy a poet of the Maeterlinck order being cabled please not to deny that he is in America, because the belief that he is here, *incognito,* is proving good for business. If the public of our good city of Boston cannot be persuaded to attend the opera because wonderful music dramas are there wonderfully put on, let the enterprise fail, and the modern Athens remain opera-less. To exploit a woman of Madame Maeterlinck's type as if she were a variety stage performer is too cruel and too crude!

On the stage Madame is a figure out of a stained-glass window, or, better still, an embodiment of the illuminated border of some mediæval missal. The way in which, by carefully planned posings, she deepened this suggestion, shows her to be an actress thoroughly well grounded in the technique of her art. Yet when she became less self-conscious and, in thinking about the effect of her voice upon the auditor, forgot for the moment the appeal of her lithe body-line, she was more pleasing and approximated much more closely, of course, the real woman.

One of my first questions when I met her was, "Do women in France read Maeterlinck?"

The poet's wife hesitated perhaps a second before replying. Then she said tactfully, "They do read him, the women of France, oh yes. But not in so great numbers as do the women of your country—those intelligent, sympathetic women of whom I have seen so many since coming to Boston."

"But this play," I pursued, "this 'Pélléas et Mélisande,' with its insistence upon truth, its constant recurrence to *la verité*—was that intended by M. Maeterlinck to be a reproach to what other French dramatists have taught us to regard as a trait of the French woman —the tendency to deception?"

"Oh, no," came the quick answer. "Maeterlinck (she always speaks of her husband as Maeterlinck) had no intention of moralizing in this play. It would then have been a sermon, and not art, you know."

She smiled confidingly, and drew about her the loose, clinging gown, all amber and pearly white, which she had worn in the last act of the poetic drama we were discussing.

"But," she continued, "perhaps this play says to you what it says to me: that first, always, and on every occasion a woman must speak the truth, not so much because to lie is wrong, as because not to be truthful is unintelligent. Intelligence is the first quality for a woman of to-day. Sometimes I say that she needs only intelligence to be attractive. Let her have intelligence, and all else will be added unto her. It makes no difference to what race a woman belongs, from what class she comes, nor what features she possesses. It is only what she herself is that counts, only her intelligence that is of any importance. This feminist movement that is attracting so much attention everywhere—in France, mind you, as well as in England and here—means just that, does it not, the awakening of women to the realization that she is, first of all, a human being and, as a human being, can be satisfied only with truth, with work, with responsibility, and with self-expression."

"To be consciously happy a woman must have a lifework, and perform it with joy. Do you think I could be happy without my work? No, indeed, I should be miserable. I love my work, I love to sing, to talk to people, to paint, to model, to design beautiful clothes, to act.

"Which part in M. Maeterlinck's plays do you like best?"

"As a character, as a rôle, Ariane; Maeterlinck wrote that out of my own sayings, you know. He kept a journal of things that I had said for a long time, and then one day he told me that he had collected enough, and was

(*Continued on page ix*)

EDMOND ROSTAND'S COUNTRY PLACE AT CAMBO, BASSES-PYRENEES, FRANCE

Rostand Before "Cyrano"

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

AN author's beginnings have their unfailing interest for amateur and critic alike, and it is so essentially true that "a bird will hop before it learns to soar," as Roxane says in "Cyrano," that one wants to observe the hopping as well as the soaring that may—or may not—follow. That is not all, however, in the case of Edmond Rostand. There is more charm, if less power, in the first work, compared with the later. Without lacking mannerisms—personal and stylistic—the Rostand of pre-Cyranic days is distinctly a less distasteful personage than the Rostand of "Cyrano" and "Chantecler"; the Rostand whose next play of heroism is to be "Roland à Roncevaux"; the Rostand with a country place at Cambo, Basses-Pyrénées; spoiled child of fortune and puffery.

For that matter, the preference, on the whole, of the younger and less pretentious plays is nothing eccentric. Even these are, to be sure, sufficiently sophisticated. And, speaking of "La Princesse Lointaine," Rostand himself said, in 1900, "that is the work I am happiest to have written." It is always more or less diverting to know a poet's private preferences, even when one cannot altogether share them. It was Tennyson himself who took more delight in

"The mellow ouzle fluted in the elm,"

than in any other line he ever wrote. As for Rostand, his choice is no more preposterous than Tennyson's. And this year we New Yorkers hope for a chance to see his "Princesse" on our own stage: an English version of its gossamer verse, that is: the work of Mr. Louis N. Parker, with Madame Simone (ex-Le Bargy), wife of M. Casmir-Périer, in the principal rôle.

The poet whose "early work" is the subject of this paper is still youthful, as celebrities go. He is the youngest member of the French Academy. He was born in Marseilles, April 1, 1868, the son of an economist and journalist. (Note, please, the atavism.) He passed through the usual experience of collegiate life; then studied the law. As a schoolboy, he set a shocking example for his classmates. One of these has lately declared as much. "In the drawing class," he writes, "Rostand read a novel; when we were translating Greek, he sketched fantastic figures on the margin of his Thucydides; he constructed Egyptian temples with his books and note-books while, on the blackboard, our old professor of mathematics traced geometrical lines; he never knew his lessons." Yet he took high rank, above all in composition, history and geography. This was partly due to his nascent talent, partly to his clever "cramming" before examinations. With several school-fellows, he founded a little magazine—*Le Farfadet* ("The Sprite"). Says one of his comrades of the first issue:

"The novel was Rostand's, in collaboration with one of our classmates, Victor Weyl, to-day a distinguished barrister at the Court of Appeals in Paris; the title was "The Green Wolf," and it was signed "Carlowitz-Palanka!" I haven't much idea what it was all about . . . but the style was alert, imaginative, easy."

EDMOND ROSTAND

And forty copies of the magazine were sold. "It's a success," said Rostand, who sells rather more than forty copies of his works nowadays, and that without signing them with a Balkan pseudonym.*

It was in 1890 that the youth, who had begun by writing prose, published his first volume of verse: *Les Musardises*—"Idle Thoughts," as we may English it. The book was never reprinted until this year. His chiffon poetry did, however, win its author the praises of at least one critic. Augustin Filon proclaimed the verses "both impertinent and engaging, a mixture of carelessness and precocity." I do not know whether M. Filon would agree, but to me that characterization of Rostand's slightest production seems to fit astonishingly well the more recent, more familiar work. And I do not think that M. Rostand himself would quarrel with anyone holding such an opinion—in his heart, at least; he has lately said of this early volume that it came to be for him "a pretty complete journal of his youth." And youth is poetry, poetry youth.

After the little book of poems came the first play. Even as schoolboy, the future academician was a stage enthusiast. So was Flaubert, whose mature efforts at stagecraft

*See "Les Premiers Débuts d'Edmond Rostand," by M. Jean Payroud, in *Les Annales littéraires et politiques*, August 6, 1911.

were, none the less, no more profitable than Balzac's. Rostand, however, has the theatric imagination. Always exacting in matters of *mise-en-scène* and costuming, he attains, always, a certain degree of dramatic effectiveness. He attains it overpoweringly, of course, in "Cyrano." He attains it in slighter degree in "L'Aiglon." He commands it even in "La Samaritaine," his "gospel in three tableaux, in verse."

Whether or not true dramatic significance attaches to "Chantecler," no one questions the effectiveness of the piece, granted a lavish production. I cannot doubt that there was effectiveness, of its sort, in "Le Gant Rouge" itself: a collaborated vaudeville, produced years ago at the Cluny. And, dainty as it is, the earliest piece of his work that survives, the Banvillesque comedy, "Les Romanesques," is, essentially, a piece for the stage: the stage of the Comédie Française.

"Les Romanesques"—"The Fantasticks," it has been translated—was performed on a May evening of sixteen years ago. Next day, the author of the little play found himself described by Sarcey as a "new Regnard." It is worth noticing, for once, what the critics found to say about a début at the Français. Some spoke of Musset—as Filon had done in reviewing the *Musardises;* others named Mendès, and even Verlaine. (Their suggestion that here was one who had cut him an entire suit from a corner of Victor Hugo's mantle came considerably later.) Here was, at any rate, a turning away from the influences of Augier and Dumas *fils*—predominant for Hervieu and Lavedan and Donnay, even; and for many another besides. But it is noteworthy that both eighteenth century and nineteenth century playwrights were cited as Rostand's progenitors; poets living and poets dead. It is significant that there were these comparisons with predecessors, rather than vaunts of a new poet discovered for France; it is no less significant that poets of more than one age and school were named. For Rostand has been, from the first, a wonderful mixer of inspirations. Add that, in reading his verse, one is tempted, one minute to denounce him for a *précieux,* the next to complain of his neologisms. For all that, he who cannot taste the comedy of "The Fantasticks" is, somehow, wanting.

White Laurette Taylor as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise"

Yet like all that is Rostand's, the comedy is singularly uneven. Somebody has written—not Mr. James?—that one is entranced by the first act of "Les Romanesques," rather pleasantly diverted by the second, and bored by the third. And M. Faguet has suggested that the first act alone be produced: a procedure by which the best of the comedy might be indefinitely preserved in the Français' repertory. Certainly no one could wish to see the piece on another stage. It is as with the comedies of Marivaux, too seldom revived.

The personages are Sylvette and Percinet—and their fathers. "The scene is where you will, provided the costumes be pretty."

The fathers, neighbors, know the romantic inclinations of their offspring. Therefore, they have feigned a feud, as the surest means of bringing about a union of their families and estates. They play, the old rascals, at Montague-Capulet. The children, taking the cue, play Romeo-Juliet; in love with one another—with the mossy wall that separates them ineffectively — with love itself. They kiss and recite the *beaux vers du grand Will.*

All is beauty, innocence, and youth. Are the lovers indifferently absurd at times in their endearments? One remembers the love-making in "Feverel," if not one's own. That, also, was slightly ludicrous.

To relate the fragile plot of "Les Romanesques" in mere English prose is to deflower the daintiness of it. To tell the truth, though, its greatest daintiness lies in Act I. There is humor in later acts; Rostand frankly and tellingly satirizes his romancers. But one does not so much enjoy the reverse of the glass, and the lovers' disillusion on learning of their fathers' ruse — and learning, too, that the forced elopement from which Percinet saved his Sylvette was a mere trick, executed by one Straforel, dealer in

"The rape by cab—it's little in request;
The rape by day—the rape by night looks best;
The pompous rape with coaches of the court,
With powdered lacqueys, wigs of every sort
(The wigs are extra)—eunuchs, slaves, and mutes,
Blacks, bravos, brigands, musketeers—as suits;
The rape done by postillions, three or four,
And half a dozen horses, less or more.
* * * * * *
The rape Venetian (item: blue lagoon);
The rape by moonlight, or without a moon;
* * * * * *
The rape emphatic and the rape polite;
The rape with torches (*that's* the prettiest sight!),
The rape in sedan chair, so new and gay,
The latest thing of all—and *distingué.*"

Brilliant nonsense — with sound sense for substratum. And, of course, all "ends happily"—for, if there is satire here, its tissue is so gossamer that tears at the conclusion would be dreadfully out of place. In the epilogue, Percinet sums the piece up as

"A Watteau picture, month of June,
An honest play that endeth soon,
A wall—two fathers—lovers two . . ."

To which Sylvette adds:

"Clear costumes—rhymes as fresh as dew."

It is another "Mid-summer Night's Dream"—only it is a dream *about* a dream. And Rostand, last of the romantics, makes his first play a bit of jesting at romancing: there's the point for your critics.

Besides the "Romanesques," there is another play of Rostand's, earlier than "Cyrano," well worth knowing. That is the four-act piece first produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in April, 1895. "La Princesse Lointaine" is dedicated to Madame Bernhardt, who played the title part. The piece may, indeed, be said to have been written almost directly "at" the great Sarah. Yet there is more to it than a mere vehicle for a *tragédienne,* and its

fate in America will be interesting to observe. For it was not an unqualified success even in France, this lyric "Princesse Lointaine." Still, it is of the utmost importance as being, in a sense, Rostand's half-way house. He toyed with romance in "Les Romanesques"; he achieved it in "Cyrano." At the intermediate step, he is wholly serious in his romancing, and writes just such a play as Sylvette and Percinet would have enjoyed. Only, symbolism being in the air, and much talk of Maeterlinck, he abandons somewhat his vein of fantasy—for the moment—and practises mysticism. Therefore, he deploys personages of the twelfth century: corsairs, troubadours, princes, and one dazzling princess. The legend he revivifies is that recalled by Browning in his "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli." It is a story dear to all the poets. Petrarch in his "Trionfo d'Amore," the Germans' "Uhland und Heine," Carducci, Swinburne in "The Triumph of Time"—these no less than Browning have found inspiration in the legend, if not in the verse of Rudel. We may read the legend in the old Provençal biography. It is poetry in prose—or poetry in life, if you prefer to phrase it so:

"Now, Joffroy Rudel, of Blaye, was a very noble man, the Prince of Blaye. And he fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen, because of the praises that he heard of her from the pilgrims who returned from Antioch; and he made many songs about her, with good melodies and few words. And, for the sake of seeing her, he took the Cross and set out to sea. And on the voyage a grievous illness fell upon him, so that those who were on the ship with him thought he was dead, but they brought him to Tripoli and carried him to an inn, thinking him dead. And it was made known to the Countess, and she came to him and took him in her arms, and he knew she was the Countess, and recovered consciousness, and praised God and thanked Him for having let him live to see her. And so he died in the lady's arms. And she had him honorably buried in the Church of the Templars, and on that same day she became a nun, through the grief she felt by reason of his death."

Rostand's telling of the legend is not in all respects that of the mediæval biographer. In his dramatic poem, Rudel yearns to set eyes upon the princess for whom he has written verses of admirable *facture*,—verses reminiscent, however, of the sixteenth rather than of the twelfth century. He would make a pilgrimage of love. But—even in the twelfth century—he is laughed at; misunderstood. Bertrand, however, who is no less poet than Joffroy Rudel, understands, and aids him in taking ship for Tripoli. They sail, "to the East—the East." At first their voyage is the plainest and pleasantest of sailing. Later, they are attacked by corsairs, by storms, and by disease. They lose their reckoning. They are in rags. They are hungry. But the rough crew has been fired with the idealism of the leaders. These seamen, fed on songs, long to see the Princess Far-Away for themselves. They are transformed from rowdy sailormen to mute, inglorious poets, one and all.

Rudel, alas! lies dying. And when at last they reach the port of Tripoli, he cannot leave his mattress on the bridge. So he sends Bertrand as ambassador. And Bertrand promises to bring the Princess, that the dying Rudel may satisfy his yearning for an earthly vision.

The Princess is but mortal, and falls in love with the brave ambassador of the dying Prince. (So did Isolde sin with Tristan, sent to fetch the bride.) Bertrand fights against his own passion, as he had battled against the Knight (*Continued on page viii*)

Photo Davis and Sanford

MISS ANN MURDOCK

Lately seen as Marjorie in Rupert Hughes' comedy, "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety Theatre

Interviewing a Russian Actor

RÁDOST ZHÍZNY! The joy of life! The present writer had seen Orleneff in many rôles a few years ago, when his company included Mme. Nazimova. It was not, however, until I had heard him in Ibsen's "Ghosts" cry out Oswald Alving's passionate, uncontrollable longing for *Rádost Zhízny* that this talented Russian actor made a definite impression.

Determined to become better acquainted with a player whose methods are so unconventional and interesting, I returned several times to the dismal, draughty, uncomfortable playhouse on Fourth Street, a few doors from the Bowery, where Orleneff gives Ibsen's plays and dramatizations of famous Russian novels, with scenery which looks as though it had been set up wrong side out and properties. . . ! Finally between two acts of "Crime and Punishment" I picked my way to Raskolnikoff's dressing-room. Beaming smiles, an outstretched hand with a ferocious grip, a sonorous welcome. My diagnosis was confirmed.

—Would he see me on the morrow?

—*Konieshno; s'bolshim oodovolstviem!*

Forsake all hopes, ye who enter Orleneff's dressing-room, of carrying on the conversation in near French, mongrel German or tourist's Italian. Nothing goes but Russian. Orleneff once played "Ghosts" before Ibsen, with a Danish cast, but he read his lines in Russian. The great Solsky organized a "guest" performance for him in Warsaw. Orleneff answered in Russian the cues given him in Polish. And now he is gathering an English company to tour the States. He himself will act his rôles in Russian.

I betook myself, then, on the morrow, to a house on the borderland of old Greenwich village, where Orleneff has taken up temporary quarters. At three o'clock I rang the bell. Orleneff was expecting me, and declared himself ready to give as many hours of his time as might be required. But he was in no hurry to begin. He seemed to avoid discussing his art. I began to feel uncertain about another appointment I had made for four-thirty.

"There is plenty of time for everything in life," he added. "Just think. Once we started down the Amoor River. The stream was very shallow in places, and we finally stuck fast in the sand. The only thing to do was to wait for rain. And wait we did . . . nine days!"

"Oh, well, life is long!" This with a cheerful laughter from Lina Koroleva, who in private life is Mme. Orleneff. We sat down, and then, as I was laboriously preparing my first question, the actor began to wind up a huge phonograph, and announced a Moussorgsky aria, sung by Shaliapin. Then came personal reminiscences of Shaliapin, and then another aria, and again another. . . .

When the interviewer feebly endeavored, in his broken Russian, to lead the conversation back to the motive of the visit, the actor answered abruptly:

"No, we won't talk of anything to-day. We won't talk of the stage, we won't talk of myself—some other time."

Interpreting this as a gentle intimation that the visit had lasted long enough, I rose.

"No, no; don't go," he insisted. "Sit down; we will smoke and have more music, and we will talk of cheerful things and enjoy life."

And we talked, and every minute Orleneff lighted another one of those long thin cigarettes, just a pinch of blond tobacco at the end of a card-board mouthpiece. One or two puffs, and in the exhilaration of passionate speech and gesture, the actor lets the little "papiros" die out; impatiently he drops it into the ash tray and sets the match to a fresh one.

"And now Herr B—— (a weeping-willow-maned pianist who had dropped in on his Russian friends meantime) will play for you some beautiful Russian melodies."

PAUL ORLENEFF

It was five o'clock. A Russian maid appeared in the doorway.

"Come, we will have dinner."

We were swept into the dining-room. About seven o'clock the Russian maid brought in two French-looking bottles with towels around their necks. I went to the phone and broke a few more engagements. Yes, the joy of life—*Rádost Zhízny!*

The next day I called again, and also the day after, and I have never yet interviewed Orleneff. Still now I know him better than I know some men who answered methodically every question I put to them, and even volunteered some information that was not asked for.

The Russian actor well symbolizes in private life, as well as on the stage,—the joy of life! Short of stature, but amazingly strong, with a healthy, pink skin, dazzling teeth, large gleaming eyes, a splendid head of silky, wavy, chestnut-colored hair, he is physically the Dyonisian according to Nietszche's heart. One must hear his musical, well modulated voice in order to realize what a splendid language Russian may become, bristling as it is with hostile groups of consonants.

Of the various parts he plays, Brand, Karamazoff, Raskolnikoff, Tzar Fedor, Osvald Alving, the last named is probably the one with which the general public is most familiar, and this is probably the reason why I found Orleneff's formula while witnessing the performance of "Ghosts."

His Osvald is undeniably Mrs. Alving's son. Married to an incompetent profligate, Mrs. Alving has all her life long assumed the part which the conventional world describes as the part of a true wife. With the exception of one short attempt at revolt, she has borne her burden silently, not even allowing her associates to surmise the heartrending truth. Now she suddenly reveals herself an insurgent against her past. Her son shall live: he shall know the joy of life, whatever that joy may consist in.

Osvald comes home with

LINA KOROLEVA (Mme. Orleneff)

ORLENEFF AS KARAMAZOFF

ELSIE FERGUSON AS DOLLY MADISON IN "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"

White

WILL PHILLIPS AND SOLDIERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD IN "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" AT DALY'S THEATRE

his death sentence in his heart; but youth, strength, hope against hope are seething within him. He is in revolt against the future as his mother is in revolt against the past. His young, virile organism is struggling fiercely with the germs of dissolution.

Pictorial beauty, sunlight, the sparkle of wine, Regina's voluptuous physique, are the component elements of the joy of life for which he was born. He does not bemoan his hereditary taint; he wants to fight off the doom foretold by an outspoken physician; he does not allow the dullness of his home to oppress him; he demands from his mother the means of warding off cloying monotony; he does not yield to the temptation of brooding introspection: Regina, with her butterfly soul, must detract his mind from the contemplation of his doom.

Others have visualized a sullen, despairing, defeated Osvald. Orleneff gives us a determined, hopeful, defying Osvald. And this Osvald is by all means the most artistic of all. He does not drag himself to his foreshadowed death. He falls struggling, overwhelmed by a fate insidious and irresistible.

Reticent as Orleneff may be about himself and his past, there is one incident of his career over which he fairly gloats: Once during the summer he whimsically decided to invite all the peasants of a little Russian hamlet to witness a performance of "Ghosts." The next day, a mouzhik presented him with a lengthy document to which were affixed some 200 signatures, crosses, fingermarks. The document was a letter indited by members of his rustic audience. "Never before," it read, "had we realized how beautiful life was!"

Orleneff keeps no scrap-book, and he could not supply me with any printed biography clipping, or other ready information, but this letter he treasures and shows willingly. That he could clearly convey his interpretation of Ibsen's thoughts to a band of unsophisticated tillers of the soil, he considers as undisputable evidence of his histrionic abilities.

In the course of our desultory afternoon talks, Orleneff passed severe judgment on Russian playwrights of the present hour.

"The pornographic and the sensational are holding sway," he said bitterly. "The censor follows in the path that has been blazed by the policeman. Study clubs conducive to advanced thinking are not encouraged, but shows of low moral standard are not interfered with. The kind of spectacle which corresponds to suggestive musical comedy on your stage is never suppressed. You can imagine what fruits such a policy has been bearing. Besides these unspeakable 'psychological' plays, the old-time burlesque, rough and vulgar, is also flourishing. The intellectual awakening of the revolutionary years seems to have been followed by a still heavier slumber."

Gloomy as the outlook appears, Orleneff would not for a minute take a hopeless view of the situation: "It's never so dark as just before daybreak. . . ."

ANDRÉ TRIDON.

Moffett

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Appearing as Mrs. Clayton in "As a Man Thinks"

Moffett

JANE GRAY

Playing Flora Dallas in "The Concert"

Dover St. Studios

BESSIE CLAYTON

The well-known dancer who, after a long stay in Europe, has returned to New York and made her reappearance with the reorganized Weber & Field's Company in the ballet "Le Clair de Lune"

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 2. Nell Gywn

NELL GWYN seems to be immortal. She came from nothing, rose to dizzy heights of royal favor, and finally became practically nothing, although she seems to have exercised an almost magic influence upon people. Even now, close to three hundred years after her birth, she is kept alive by numerous dramas written around her meteoric career. No less than nine successful plays have been written about her. Pious pilgrims see to it that, when they visit London, they pay a moment's visit at least to the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—where she is buried, and while many theatres have been erected since her time on the site of the old Drury Lane Theatre, few visitors can visit that historic spot without at least a thought of Nelly. She was a King's mistress, a child of the coalyards, an orange girl, with whom the beaux of the period thought they could take any liberties, and she was the founder of the aristocratic family of the Duke of St. Albans. There was "color" in her career. She exercised a power for good, did much to relieve the suffering of the poor, made the profligate King attend more religiously to his royal duties than any other influence, so that after she had passed from favor, and her place was taken by other women, Charles, who was stricken by apoplexy, remembered the one good influence in his life, and, just before he breathed his last, the King requested that they would not let "poor Nelly starve."

After the painting of Sir Peter Lely
NELL GYWN

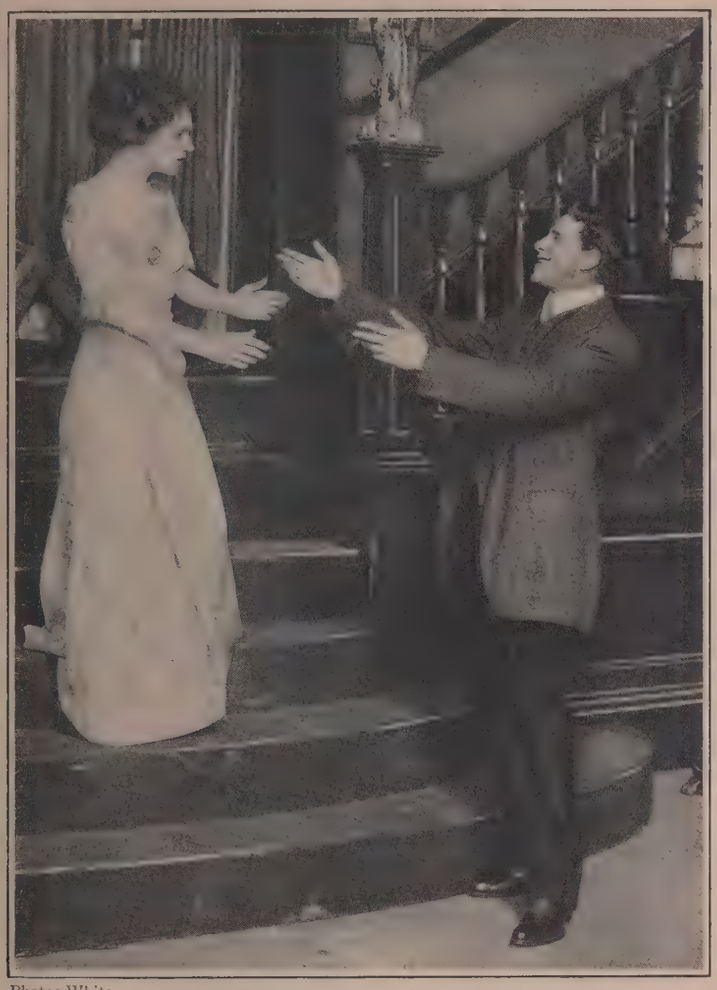
Nell was born February 2, 1650, in an alley near Drury Lane. Her parents were hucksters, and were not only poor, but belonged to the lower dregs of society. Her mother, who lived to see Nelly's triumphs, was drowned, after a drunken spree, in a pond. Nell had nothing in her girlhood to make her at all refined or gentle. It is even said that she could not write, from the fact that her initials "E. G." were signed to a bill not long ago sold at auction. But this, like so many stories that have grown up around her, was doubtless untrue—one who was capable of learning the long parts played by her must have had at least some knowledge of writing.

She was christened Eleanor Gwyn. Her name is variously spelled Gwyn, Gwin, Gwinne, Gwynne and Gwyne. The people always preferred to call her Nelly, and while the programs of Drury Lane, in accordance with the custom of the period, call her Mrs. Eleanor Glyn, poor Nelly had no legal right to the coveted prefix to her name. After a period as an orange girl, during which old Pepys records that he kissed her, and Sir Walter Scott comments that it was a fortunate thing that Mrs. Pepys was present, Nell found an "angel." She passed from the aisles of the theatre by virtue of "her figure and the smallness of her feet." It was quite a triumph for the daughter of the coalyards, and she seems to have had quite early a certain distinction.

She became the acknowledged mistress of Lord Buckhurst, and even that fact, widely gossiped about, rather served to increase her favor with the crowd. It is said that in company with Buckhurst she went out to supper with a party of friends after the theatre, and there attracted the attention of Charles II, who immediately gave Buckhurst a position in the royal household, and finally sent him to France on what someone has called "a sleeveless errand." Now, Nell was known as the King's favorite, and as such basked in the sunshine of royal favor. She retired from the stage, and although Charles fell in love with a lady of honor, and a pretty fight ensued for the bestowal of royal favors, the other mistresses of the King are practically forgotten, and Nell is known to every schoolboy. She was probably no better than the others, and yet she had many qualities that endeared her to the people. After she was dead, people wanted to see her life-story re-enacted. From the days of Jerningham's "Peckham's Frolic," printed in 1799, and Jerrold's "Nell Gwyn," seen on the stage in the same year, she has lived before the footlights, and perhaps Nell herself would have had it so. She loved the stage, and devoted the best years of her life to it, although, strangely enough, it is not the theatrical portion of her life that is important in the reviews that are offered to the public.

After the fact came to be generally recognized that Nell's life furnished the dramatic episodes of romance, tragedy, intrigue and royal favor, which are usually dependable qualities on the stage, she became the central character of a large number of operas, musical comedies and dramas. Most of them had historical fact for a background, and (*Continued on page viii*)

Scenes in "Elevating a Husband" at the Liberty Theatre



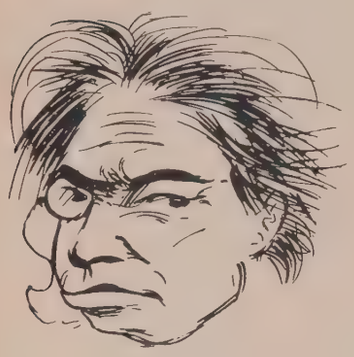
Photos White Emily Ann Wellman Louis Mann
Act II. Charles: "Letty, are you glad I'm here?"

Louis Mann Emily Ann Wellman
Act III. Charles: "You want to elevate me down, and not up"

Charles Halton Homer Hunt Mr. Mann Miss Wellman Leslie Kenyon Howard Scott Jessie Carter Conway Tearle
Act III. Charles (Mr. Mann): "I would prefer a child to your Schopenhauer philosophy and swell people"

Why I Don't Write Plays

I AM, or rather I was, a dramatic critic—a modern Brutus in my special field. I have been a prominent and much feared member of the dreaded theatrical "death watch." I have assisted at many dramatic obsequies, and with Brutus I have repeated those immortal words: "I come to bury Cæsar, not to *praise him.*"



THE CRITIC

Not so very long ago there was in this city a theatrical manager, a veritable despot, whose fleshy hand was greedily outstretched to grasp the entire theatrical world. I regarded him as a species of theatrical vampire and, virtuously indignant at this wrong done the drama, I felt it my duty to down him, and "down him" I did.

As the season progressed, my attacks grew more furious, more venomous, and people who knew him came to me and said he was nearly at the end of his resources. His backers were withdrawing their financial support because my criticisms had opened their eyes to his many blunders.

To-day the dramatic art is becoming a serious matter with the public. Business men, who formerly opened their morning paper at the stock quotations or European cables, now eagerly seek their favorite dramatic critic and swallow his article with their coffee. And as to their wives, before the dear things thrust their dainty feet into their slippers, and put their warm bodies into breakfast *negligées,* even before they look for the latest underwear sale, they eagerly seek the notice of the new "show." The drama has come into its own. It has won its place in the hearts of the people, "Allah be praised!" There is but one god—the Show. And the critic is its prophet!

One afternoon I was sitting in my private office, writing my regular *feuilleton* on the week's failures. I had asked for a little place for myself, for I have not the courage to designate that dimly lit corner a room. The editor and sub-editors were beginning to treat me with deference. My star was in the ascension.

A card was handed to me. Upon it was the name of Manager S———, the despot who was under the ban of my displeasure. For a moment I was startled. What could he want with me? Greatly perturbed, I told the attendant to show him in. My embarrassment was not unnatural. At that time I was still young; my conscience was not so hardened as it became later in life. Had I done this man an injustice? Guiltily I thrust my "copy" into a drawer. I was writing, for the Sunday paper, a "roast" of his plays and his company, which everyone, who might have overlooked my earlier attacks during the week, could not fail to notice. My heart beat tumultuously with pride. Was I really, then, so important that this great theatrical Cæsar should come to me? Yes—I was the tribunal!

Quickly I outlined in my mind what my attitude should be, and what I would say. I would be very dignified, very stern, very aggressive. I must continue to be the Brutus—who buries and does not praise.

He entered. To my utter astonishment, his manner, instead of being hostile, was—well, have you ever seen a poor old father welcome his long-lost son believed to be dead? Thusly was I greeted by Manager S———. There were even tears of emotion in his watery eyes. He gave me no chance to speak. He poured out effusively how incomprehensible it was that we two congenial souls could have lived so long in the same city and not gravitated to each other before. *He* had felt irresistibly impelled to take the first step. He spoke of my family,—he had known my father casually, as a boy,—of my great talent, and my greater future. Not a word about my attack upon his theatre!

Now, I am not such a vain ass as to be taken in by five minutes of fulsome flattery. No! It took at least ten minutes, and after that, I must confess, we—the theatrical manager and the critic—were life-long friends! He went on to confide to me the difficulty he experienced to get suitable plays, and he begged me to spare him, to "let him down easy" until he could lay his hands upon the proper material. Suiting action to word, he placed a fleshy hand softly upon my shoulder, and, fixing me with his watery eyes, said coaxingly:

"Why don't *you* write a play?"

Taken completely aback at this unexpected proposal, I stammered and choked, but no words came. He saw his advantage, and followed it up. He was sure that I had the dramatic instinct strongly developed. The man who could so completely tear down a play, as I had done, would, he said, find no difficulty in building one up.

At last, by great effort, I found my voice. I thanked him fervently, but it was out of the question. My "activity as a critic," my "limited time," my "higher profession as a journalist," *et cetera, et cetera.* Everything that a man says when he has nothing to say I said, and I ended by thanking him profusely, and declining the honor as modestly as I could. Then I was sorry, for I dislike to hurt the feelings of anyone, even though they be those of a commercial theatre manager. I saw portrayed in the flexible lineaments of his countenance such deep distress, such utter hopelessness, that it cut me to the quick. With the greatest amiability I tried to console him—in vain. The one single thing he desired most in this world was a play,—with my name attached to it,—and that was denied him!

Did you ever see a deer shot? Neither have I. But I have read many moving descriptions of the poor animal's last moments, how the eyes speak with such reproach before the last breath gives out with a sigh, that it is positively heart-rending!

The manager gazed at me with those dying-deer eyes. Then he turned and, speechless with emotion, staggered out. I tried to continue my attack upon him for the Sunday paper, but the gall (familiarly known as ink), into which I had dipped my pen, gradually turned white, and before long the milk of human kindness was flowing in optimistic prognostications of a dramatic renaissance.

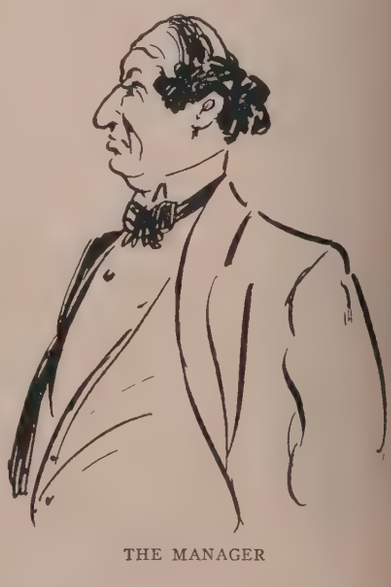
Some time after the call of my managerial friend, I happened late one night to drop in at a café well known in the theatrical district. There, around a table in a corner, with foaming glasses of beer before them, sat some of the leading members of Manager S———'s company. I knew them slightly, but hesitated to join the group, feeling that they would naturally resent my recent severe criticisms of their acting. Nothing of the kind. Being then naive and inexperienced, I could not understand why they should greet an avowed enemy so cordially. There was a unanimous shout of welcome when they saw me. They took me at once into their circle, and each fought the other to treat me with the best the establishment had to offer. The comedian, whose stage humor I had designated as sad, flung his arms around me, quite overcome with happiness at meeting a man whom he had admired for many years. The character-actor or character-dauber, as I had called him, heaped coals of fire upon my head by calling me "dear, gifted boy."

How stimulating—for a *raconteur*—this witty, artistic circle! When I told them my worn-out old newspaper stories, which had never failed to send other listeners to sleep, they held their sides, splitting with laughter. Then unanimously, as one man, they cried out:

"Why don't *you* write a play?"

That settled it. The world waited. I owed it to the world.

A few days later I sat at my desk, a heap of cigarette ashes in front of me, up to the neck in a great play. It was only a matter now of throwing off my confounded laziness. That I had



THE MANAGER

Baker Art Gallery

GRACE GEORGE, LATELY SEEN IN "JUST TO GET MARRIED," AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

White HAMILTON REVELLE AS THE WAZIR MANSUR IN "KISMET"

great talent as a dramatist was no longer a matter of doubt. Suddenly I heard the *frou-frou* of silk, and inhaled the odor of an unfamiliar perfume. It was Miss F——, for many, many years a great favorite in ingenue parts in Manager S——'s company, and whom I had secretly adored from my earliest youth. What could she want of me? Were her jewels stolen again, or had she secured a divorce from her fourth husband? No, that had already been used in our paper with fine sensational effect. Was she going into vaudeville, to play her old successes—demure young girls of twenty years ago? No, none of these familiar and pathetic subterfuges to revive dying interest. She spoke of nothing but my *critiques,* my great and complex insight into things dramatic. She said I was perfectly wonderful. Then, as she rose to leave, she asked in her sweet, elusive, caressing voice:

"Why don't *you* write a play?"

If a man has a heart, such an earnest appeal cannot fall on deaf ears. One owes duties to others as well as to one's self. With great sincerity, I answered:

"Very well, since you wish it, I *will* write a play. Here's my hand on it."

An expression of such unbounded delight came into her face that words fail me to describe it accurately. It was the grateful look of a human being who felt that she had not lived in vain, and was now going to begin to really enjoy life. It reminded me of the last act of a bad play I had once "roasted," and in which she had played the leading part. The only good thing in it had been the expression on her face when the villain, who had led her astray years before, came back to "make good." Going to left upper entrance—I mean to the door leading downstairs to the street—she threw me, over her shoulder, the very same sweet glance with which she had made her exit every evening, and she spoke the same line, which, as Fate willed, fitted the situation perfectly:

"I *count* upon you."

I wrote the play, and, as might be naturally expected, I put into it all the keen, satirical and ironic wit for which my critical writing had long been famous. Of course, it was a comedy!

It is not necessary to give the theme. I was too old a hand at the business to try to force upon the public any new complications. It was the Old Story freshly handled. I had no "message." What I was after was box office receipts. My colleagues, the other critics, would stand by me. They were all very kind, many of them sending me clippings from European and native comic papers to help out with my dialogue.

The rehearsals went magnificently. We all laughed ourselves sick; even the stage manager sat with me and chuckled. We really amused ourselves. The great night of the *première* also came. My colleagues, the critics, were present in great array. The house was packed—with deadheads. The paying public was kept out. I did not want any wet blankets. No, no. I knew my business!

The next morning the papers heralded a new dramatic author, *"The Great Comedy at Last," "Audience Convulsed by Clever Play,"* and so on. But—the public stayed away. By the end of the week the theatre was closed from want of spectators. We tried to save the situation by raising a snow-storm of "paper," but even the deadheads wouldn't come.

I did not lose my self-respect. Oh, no! And my friends of the theatre stood by me so close that the actors continued to borrow of me—always a sign of great confidence in a man, and his exchequer. I had many talks with the manager about raising a syndicate for my next play. Everybody gave me advice. I listened modestly to all they said: "Your mistake *(Continued on page vi)*

Sarony

"OTHER MEN MAY WORK, BUT NONE RECEIVES THE INSTANT REWARD THAT THE PLAYER DOES"

Otis Skinner---America's Leading Romantic Actor

ACTORS have been likened to torch bearers, flinging light into the future, and casting their beams into the dark corners of the past. They have been compared to looking-glass holders, holding up the mirrors to Nature. They have been dubbed artists or artisans, according to their merits, or the view of the beholder. It was one of their own craft, one of our foremost players, who has said that they have the properties of blotting paper, or of sponges.

It was Otis Skinner who made this comparison. "An actor," he said, "is a thermometer, but a self-registering one."

This summarizing of the actor occurred in the red-walled tea room of a Fifth Avenue hotel. The star of "Kismet" was temporarily playing the rôle of a bachelor. Bryn Mawr, where the family home is, was too far from Broadway for our afternoon foregathering. The largest and finest of star dressing-rooms is small and mean to a man who hungers for the outer air. The household gods had not been transported from Bryn Mawr to the pleasant apartment near Madison Square, where they are now set up. The tea room was the solution, and there, flanked by a curving table with a samovar, whence fragrant steam issued, china crushable as eggshells, and a basket of hot-house grapes nearly as large as eggs, and with a girl in a pale blue broadcloth gazing at him from the table on our right, and a woman in autumn leaf velvet sending glances of delighted recognition at the star from our left, and the glimpses of the Avenue's five o'clock kaleidoscope distracting us, we talked generally of actors, and specifically of Otis Skinner.

Much of the vigor of Hajj, the Oriental hero of "Kismet," was missing from its chief actor. The man with the strong, well-knit figure, in the fashionable brown overcoat, the strong face that might have belonged to a man in any successful sphere of life, but for the eyes, womanly in their occasional softness, and always with the far vision of the dreamer, framed in hair, black in some spots and grizzled in others, kept short to restrain its refractory curling, walked in with none of the swagger of Hajj, the strut of Lafayette Tower, nor the terrifying stride of Brideau. He seemed a bit tired, and he confessed he was. The daily cooking, to rid himself of the last brown stain of Hajj's beggarly personality, was exhausting. It was much harder to get Hajj out of his system than to get into that wily beggar's skin. It required

White Hajj recognizes his old enemy at the door of the Mosque

three-quarters of an hour to scrape the outer layers, so to speak, of Hajj's coloring off his face and body, no square inch of which is not represented in brown, and a daily Turkish bath to remove the remnants of Hajj that lurked in his pores. The work of the bath attendants had been effectual. No trace of Hajj remained except the profound eyes, dark and bright, yet dreamful, that belong only in the face of artists.

While he played with the thin little sandwiches, that plainly he detested, and sipped the tea, which he tolerated, Otis Skinner overturned the idols of the public which has accepted him, and a large part of which loves him as the leading American actor, with the same cruel indifference with which Hajj strangles his victims in "Kismet."

No, he hadn't the student temperament. No, he wasn't a student. Down crashing went the idol his public had erected of this most studious actor. No, he was not an assiduous worker. He was lazy. Although Mr. Skinner said this, and Mr. Skinner is a gentleman, and gentlemen do not lie, let me reassure his tender public. Mr. Skinner believed what he said. I don't believe it. Nor do you. There is no deception so thorough as that we practice upon ourselves. He said:

"I study in the sense that every actor studies. He is constantly alive to impressions of the persons he sees, of their acts and the motives that prompt them. He is acutely sensitive to his surroundings. He takes something from them all. He soaks up impressions as a blotting paper or a sponge.

"An actor may be too greatly a student of books. He cannot be too much a student of life. Every true actor is a person of impulse. He is at the play of every wind that blows. He is not governed by rules."

"Then an actor may be excused for doing things and thinking of them afterwards?"

The eyes surveying the kaleidoscope of Fifth Avenue at tea time, and looking impersonally at the gay plumaged bird women preening and pecking at their tea, came back to me in startled protest.

"Oh! no. An actor may, and should, reflect his surroundings. He should be sensitive to them. He should be a thermometer, but not a wild one. He should be a self-registering thermometer."

"Is it worth while, the actor's career, compared with that of other successful men?"

Mr. Skinner is a man of unexpectedness. Never before had I talked with a man about his vocation, who did not tell me that in the background of his life was another vocation which he would have preferred, and which had lost much in failing of his distinguished and profitable services. But the exception returned.

"Very much worth while, as is every man's work to him, but the actor's reward is more tangible and pleasurable. Other men may work, and succeed, but none of them receives that instant and intimate reward for his work that the actor does from his audiences. Creating a part is like painting a picture and hanging it on the wall, and hearing people praise it. That reward comes to an actor from his audiences. Besides," he broke off, "I wouldn't have been worth a continental at anything else in the world."

"Most men and women think they would. They mourn the work they might have done."

He nodded. "Yes, I've heard them. But take everyone of those complainers back to the beginning of the road on which he has started, and he would take the same one again.

"The actor, like everyone else, has found his work if he is successful in it. It is not a life of unvarying peace and plenty. I have known all of the misery, and sounded all the despair it can offer. I have borne the jokes and jealousies, the plays that are not quite right, all 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' but the compensations are a satisfying equivalent. The compensations are those which any other man has for work that has been well done, and he has besides the praise for what is well done. The actor has the satisfaction of feeling that he is giving the people out in front, his audiences, something they want, and that they are giving him in return their sympathy and support. The audience gives him the joy of the fine glow of collective friendship."

He looked up from the golden shallows of his unenjoyed cup of tea when I asked him what the audience, who always exacts the price of its friendship, must have. He replied:

"Many think it must have strong, human love. A good love scene is desirable, but not indispensable. Gentle, infectious humor permeating the play, reflected by the actor, will always win."

How did this man, who denied he was a student, learn so thoroughly the characteristics of the Orientals? He told me:

"I have watched Orientals at Gibraltar, and my blotting paper took up some of their ink," he said, "and when I found I had to play Hajj I, of course, read several authoritative works on the Orientals. One was Sir Richard Burton's. I read these to

White Hajj enters the Harem by a secret trap door

acquire knowledge of the externals. For instance, an ordinary gesture, to command attention, would be like this": He raised his hand sidewise, his fingers slightly curved. The gesture was effective. It arrested my attention, also that of the girl in pale blue broadcloth and the woman in autumn-leaf velvet. "But the Oriental gesture is this": The hands outspread, the palms turned upward, the fingers closed.

Still with the weary man and the disillusioned woman in mind, I asked the interpreter of Hajj how he forgot by day the beggar he portrayed at night. Again the exception:

"I don't want to forget him, and don't try," he said. "Unconsciously I am always thinking of him, how to better him, what should be done to perfect him, and these thoughts, drift thoughts though they seem, lead to an improvement here and there in the evening's work."

There was no golf, there were no long walks, no light reading, as a counter-irritant to the strenuous, adventurous beggar in "Kismet." "I haven't come down to brass tacks," he said. "I'll adjust myself to normal living as soon as we are settled in the Madison Avenue apartment. Meanwhile my twelve-year-old daughter's monthly school reports are a means of distraction, to her mother at least, and I measurably share them. But Hajj himself gives me a great deal of physical exercise. You have noticed he commits three murders. And the part is the longest one ever written. We accept Hamlet as the longest part. It is proverbial that anything of great length is 'as long as Hamlet.' The lines in 'Hamlet' can be read in an hour. It keeps me busy spitting out the words as fast as they can be uttered to read Hajj's speeches in an hour and a quarter. It is a taxing part, but I've learned since I've been playing it longer, that there

Photo White
CHAPINE AND FORREST HUFF IN "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" AT DALY'S

are times when I can let down physically for a moment. For instance, the murder scene in the prison is one of the climaxes of the play, yet part of it is a rest period for me. I let the muscles relax for a considerable time before renewing carnage."

"Your admirers sometimes ask why you remain in romantic parts. They think you can play anything well, and would like to see you now and then in modern parts."

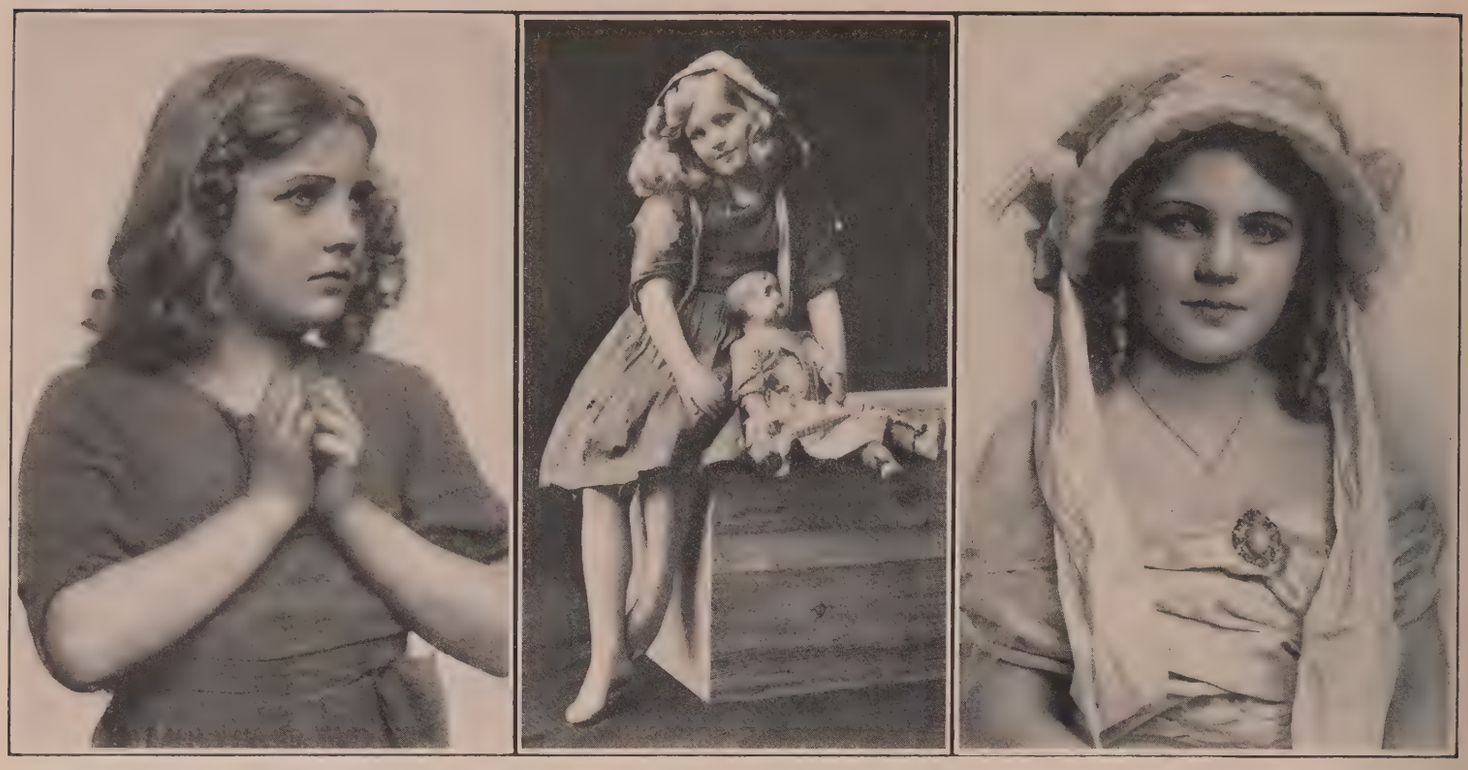
"I should like to play modern parts," he replied. "I did in 'The Duel.' I would be willing to play the character of a business man if he were not like all other business men. I want to play a part that has strong characteristics. Many modern persons are like other modern persons."

Every actor, like every other man, is a product of evolution. I asked Mr. Skinner to name the periods of his evolution into Hajj, and the contemporaneous Otis Skinner.

"There was the period when I was with Lawrence Barrett and took a wrong turn, and became a dreadful little Barrett. I don't know what ailed me, but I was becoming a wretched ranter. The angel of deliverance was Augustin Daly. Not an actor himself, he encouraged what was in the player himself, and taught him to express himself through the part. There were five years of this valuable tuition. For two years I was with Modjeska, absorbing all that I could of good in her art. There were several years with Booth that were years of inspiration. After that I set out for myself, and have had a long course of self-tuition."

It is not easy to define acting at its best, nor was it easy to say what it is that reproduces the picture in the actor's mind clearly and forcefully in that of the audience; in other words, when the thermometer effectively registers. "It is something not yet named,

(Continued on page vii)



JULIET SHELBY, THE CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS WHO SCORED A HIT IN "THE LITTLEST REBEL"

Nine Years Young and a Near Star

"WHO taught you to act?" A plump little girl, with a round, firm muscled face, a round little body, and candid blue eyes, which reminded me of my last and biggest far-away doll, looked up from the playhouse in her dressing-room, and considered. While she is considering, let me explain how a playhouse can be in a dressing-room, while the reverse is usually true. The chief object of her attention was a playhouse within a playhouse. Playing now, she was about to play. At the moment she had an audience of two—her grandmother and me. A quarter hour later she would be playing to an audience of twelve hundred persons, or the capacity of the Liberty Theatre.

The playhouse of her greater interest was a square table, not quite so high as her shoulders; in fact, at the height which Shakespeare prescribed for a loving maiden, "as high as the heart." There were a tiny bedstead, a miniature sofa, some minute chairs, several infinitesimal platters, and over them presided a wee black doll named Sally Ann, in honor of Mamie Lincoln's Topsy-like part in the play. Between the question and answer an order, in a piping, childish voice, was sent over the toy telephone in the little playhouse for "some good meat,—and cauliflower,—and sugar."

Her household duties finished, Juliet Shelby, standing within arm's reach of Victoria, a doll that looked herself, and Hallowe'en, a rakish looking male playfellow, and Katherine, the disreputable remnant of what was once a doll, whose stage name is Susan Jemima, but whose title in private life is Katherine, and who sat in a row on the long table in her dressing-room, made answer:

"Everybody in the companies begins to teach me to act. Then they stop, as Daddy—that's William Farnum—did, and Mr. Al Woods—that's my manager—did, and say, 'Go ahead, Juliet, and play it in your own way.'

"Oh, yes, I like being an actress. My sister Margaret is an actress. She's blacker, I mean she's a brunette. She has black eyes and dark hair, and she's two years older than me. I wish they would take Margaret into the company, and let her play 'The Littlest Rebel' one night, or one week, and me play it the next. Then sister and I could always be together, and play as much as we like—play keep house, I mean. I told Mr. Woods that, and he said: 'Not such a bad idea for a kid. I'll think about it.'

"My days are just like any other little girl's. I go from here with mamma—that's what I call my grandma. My mother is with my sister—they've been playing in an awful failure. We go home to our flat at One Hundred and Twelfth Street as soon as the play is over, eleven o'clock. I have a cup of chocolate and a cracker, and go to bed. I get up next day about eleven and have a light breakfast. My mother makes it for me when she is at home—French toast with hot milk over it. Then I play with my sister, if she's there; if she isn't, mother or mamma play with me until luncheon. My lunch is some soup and a piece of beef, because they make me strong. Then I go out on Riverside Drive, and walk, and run, and play for two hours. I come back and spend two hours with my governess, studying reading and writing, and geography and arithmetic. I'm going to study French. After my lessons I have my dinner, any kind of a dinner that any other little girl would like, except that I don't care for candy, nor pie, nor cake. That's at five. Then it's time to come to the theatre. I like to get here early, about six, so that I don't have to hurry, and can play house a long time before the curtain goes up."

She looked as grave and reflective when I asked her what she had played before "The Littlest Rebel," which Edward Peple had expanded from a sketch for her, as any adult actress recounting her conquests, season after season.

"I played first in 'Cameo Kirby,'" she said. She lifted the tiny gold locket, with a hint of a diamond at its centre. "The star, Mr. Goodwin, gave it to me. I was with 'The Master Key' and with Mme. Kalich in 'The Woman of To-day,' and in stock companies out West, and with Mr. Hilliard in 'A Fool There Was.'" A tender glance at the bald and disreputable doll remnant. "And Katherine has been with me in all of them. Two of the plays were failures, and between them I went to school."

Juliet has a brief record. You can't unroll many events in nine years, if you happen to start as a baby. She was born in Shreveport, La. Her grandmother, Mary Miles, is an actress. Her mother, Charlotte Shelby, is likewise. That is all, except that she has accumulated fifty-nine dolls, and her sister has fifty-six. The overwhelming doll family occupies a room in the One Hundred and Twelfth Street flat. Her stage name was Mary Miles Minter, until at family council it was decided to return to her own name, Juliet Shelby.

"I don't think I would like to play Juliet, though," she said, thoughtfully. "You know where she says, 'He has left no poison for me,' and stabs herself. I wouldn't like to stab myself. If I were dead, what would my dollies do?"

A. P.

Copy't Mishkin
Caruso

Copy't Broothorn
Melba

Photo Gerlach
Farrar

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Tetrazzini

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Scotti

Photo Moffett
Gadski

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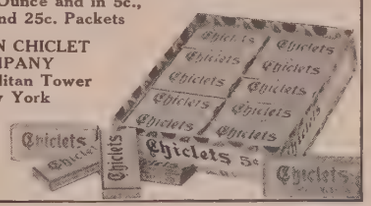

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Why I Don't Write Plays

(*Continued from page* 100)

was, that you took an old story and treated it in a modern way. Take a new story and treat it in the old way. That will be a sure success."

Golden words! I did it. I sat down and wrote another comedy. In the third act there was a great surprise. It looked all through the play as if Miss F.——— would marry the leading man, as she always did, but she didn't. In the fourth act she married the old fool—the comedian.

We all wept at rehearsals, it was so touching. No one smiled. It was a good omen.

At the first production—the only one—the public laughed so much where they should have cried that it came to a scandal. My friends, the critics, not wishing to attack me, wrote the briefest kind of notices. The piece was the worst kind of a failure, and there was no way of disguising it. Things now began to happen very quickly. When I went down to the office the next morning there was a "curt notice" from my publisher that my services would be dispensed with at the end of the week, and so I quit at once with lofty contempt and indignation. I sought the friendly café, where the theatrical company were wont to receive me with open arms. The table was empty. The old comedian whom I had turned into a Romeo in the last act was about leaving as I entered. He gazed at me reproachfully, but forgave me. He said, "You made a mistake. Don't try to educate the public. Old story treated in the old way—that will make a success."

I rushed home illuminated and followed his advice. It was easy—so many examples in the old comedies. I submitted it at once to Manager S———. It was my duty to give him the first chance at it. He had lost money with my other plays. But the atmosphere of his office was icy. I was frozen out so quickly I skated over the sidewalk into the mud. Looking up I saw a large placard on this beautiful temple of art:

> This Theatre Will Re-open Shortly as a Continuous Performance and Moving Picture Show.

Manager S——— went out of the business. He took my place as dramatic critic, receiving better pay than I ever did. He was happy. It was better to "roast" than to be "roasted." Knowing the inside workings of the theatrical machine, he quickly became a power and eventually was made editor. Being a business man, the newspaper thrived under his management as never before.

I had reached that point in a man's career where he is forced to put pride in his pocket—the only thing he has left to fill it—and I went humbly to the office of the editor and asked to be put back on the staff as reporter. The ex-theatre manager, now editor, answered that they were filled up, but if I turned in a good story he would print it. Then, looking me over with commiseration, he said, with a pitying shake of his head:

"*Why do you* write plays?"

For a reply I took out of my pocket a roll of manuscript and handed it to him, saying:

"Here's a good story. Print it."

He opened it and read the title:

"*Why I Don't Write Plays.*"

That was my answer—and he printed it.

—*From the German of Theodor Herzl.*

New Victor Records

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OTIS SKINNER

(Continued from page 103)

or at least not well named," said Mr. Skinner. "It isn't temperament, for I recall some years ago playing in 'Francesca di Rimini' with an actress who had intelligence and beauty and many requisites, yet who didn't register as Francesca. Her audience and her critics thought she did not feel the part, that she had no temperament. Yet, when I took her hand, it was quite cold. She did feel the part, but she had failed to register."

"What is the relation of the actor to the author? What part is he of the play's success?"

"The author places in the actor's hands the figment of his brain. If it have sturdy qualities, the actor can breathe into it the breath of life. But the actor is helpless in a hopeless play."

Published encomiums and spoken eulogies of his triumph in "Kismet" have surrounded, but not overwhelmed, the creator of Hajj in this country. They have left him enveloped in philosophic calm.

"If I thought I had indeed reached the top of the ladder I should want to jump into the East River," he said. "The joy of life is in reaching farther to better things. When that ceases, one is ready to die, and should die. I am not looking forward to rest, but to work. I consider that I have only worked my way up from the Battery to the Bronx."

"And to what point do you hope to work?"

"To Yonkers," replied Otis Skinner, pushing back the teacup, that was still full, but cold.

ADA PATTERSON.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

(Continued from page 77)

main point is, what kind of plays are to be presented—what is to to be the policy of The Little Theatre. To phrase it in one sentence, I shall try to make it a place of entertainment for intelligent people. I hope such a policy will allow me to produce not only plays of wide appeal, but plays of essential novelty and plays that would be barred from larger theatres because of needing a rather special audience, but only plays in which there is some appeal to intelligence, refined humor, imagination, or the literary sense.

"A clearer view of the aim may be gathered from plays I have already planned for production. First, 'The Pigeon,' a comedy by Mr. John Galsworthy, author of 'Strife' and 'Justice.' 'The Pigeon' is in quite a different vein from the grim power of 'Strife' and 'Justice.' It is a charming, humorous, whimsical, yet with all Mr. Galsworthy's skill in construction, vivid character drawing and drama, and there is a very unusual idea for the smiling audience to take away. This will be followed by a new play by Mr. C. Rann Kennedy. Author of 'The Servant in the House,' called 'The Terrible Meek.' This is really startlingly original in idea and treatment. Then there is 'Anatol,' by the famous Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler; a plain novel in form, because instead of a continuous plot it develops a character by a series of episodes all held together by the same delightful figure of Anatol, a man to whom to be in love is life, but to whom constancy to one girl is quite impossible. Some people may think Anatol a bit lacking in morals, or unmoral. Schnitzler never intended him to be so considered, but one can imagine him to be pretty much what one chooses. Then 'The Electra' of Euripides, with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison as Electra. The staging of 'Electra' is to be in a new form, which I hope may suggest the effect of the Greek conventions, and at the same time not hamper the great emotional sweep of the play. Then a modern satirical comedy of New York life called 'One, Two, Three, and Out Goes She,' by Mr. John T. Hayes, a new American author. It is Mr. Hayes' first play. Then a bill consisting of three one-act plays by Maurice Maeterlinck, author of 'The Blue Bird.'

"Another novelty for The Little Theatre will be a play for children, given only afternoons, a dramatization by an American playwright of Grimms' fairy tales of 'Snow White,' set in picture book scenery. The children have never had a real theatre of their own. Such plays as 'The Blue Bird' and 'Peter Pan' have delighted them beyond measure, but this was because they found sufficient to entertain them in a play written primarily for grown-ups. With 'Snow White' I propose to reverse the process. It is to be written, staged and acted primarily for the delight of children. And so amusing does the little drama seem to me that I can imagine many borrowing a child as an excuse to see it again."

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Rostand Before "Cyrano"

(*Continued from page 91*)

of the Green Armor; but loses in this second contest. Finally, and none too soon, he leads the Princess to the ship where Rudel lies. There, she kisses his fading eyes and showers largesse upon his ragged crew. When Rudel has breathed has last she bids his followers follow Berthand to the Holy Sepulchre. After love, the Cross. As the friar Trophime puts it:

"Oui, les grands amours travaillent pour le ciel!"—Which happens to be the last line of the play.

Plugging holes in poetry is poor sport, at best. Why, then, emphasize the weaknesses of this piece of romantic symbolism; part of whose lesson seems to be that an enthusiasm—that an ideal—is the most important thing in this life; it mattering very little what the enthusiasm, the ideal, is. Perhaps the point must, all the same, be made that here, as elsewhere in Rostand's work, are blemishes of taste. In robust geniuses, in world-poets—even in Hugos and Whitmans—one forgives this fault. In an exquisite, it is unforgivable. And Rostand is, properly, an exquisite. Is it because he came out of Marseilles that his Arcady is rococo? And why must he, in his vision of a Princess Far-Away, wilfully confuse earthly love and religious fervor? That certainly, is one of the things Anglo-Saxon readers resent in "La Princesse Lointaine." They dislike it as much as they dislike his rhyming the Paternoster, dramatising St. John, and dandifying the words of our Lord. Please do not blame these performances upon "French genius." In France, as here, his extravagances and indiscretions grate on trained ears.

How French he is, notwithstanding! His earlier work, like his rooster play, is thoroughly and unmistakably Gallic; nationalism pervades his semi-historical pieces: "Cyrano," "L'Aiglon." No less French will his "Roland" be; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, his "Faust," that he has been working at now and again for several years, and that is likely to be put on one of these days at the Porte-Saint-Martin: after due advertisement. He is, all the same, read from one end of the world to the other: read in South American *salons* and Turkish harems and English country houses no less than in Yankee boarding-schools, and, up to a certain point, in Paris. He is a dramatic poet fertile in antithesis—a facile versifier—a lyricist not wanting in tenderness—a narrator commanding, at times, humor as well as native wit. Without deep literary conscience, he has sentiment; he has fluency. Preëminently, he has the crowd.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Famous Women Dramatized

(*Continued from page 96*)

a few of the well-known details of truth that everyone is accustomed to associate with Nell's life. But each author allowed himself dramatic license and added anything and everything to the story that suited his purpose. In this way, during the past century, a large number of tales and myths, having not the least reliability, have attached themselves to the name of Mistress Gwyn, and it is now a difficult thing to separate truth and untruth.

Probably the first play built on the romantic features of the love of Charles II for the actress, treating of the ennobling of her two sons and other incidents in her life was Jerningham's Frolic which was seen as early as 1799. Jerrold's "Nell Gywn" made its appearance in 1833. Read and Taylor's "King's Rival" was first seen in 1854 and G. A. A. Becket's "Charles II" in 1872. Farnie and Cellier's "Nell Gwyn" was produced in 1876 and the same year saw Farnie and Planquette's "Nell Gwyn." Will's "Nell Gwyn" did not make its appearance until 1878, Hope and Rose's "English Nell" in 1900 and Frankfort Moore's "Nell Gwyn" in same year.

The present generation of theatre-goers knows the theatrical story of the actress principally from Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which was performed in England by Julia Neilson and in America by Ada Rehan.

ARCHIE BELL.

New Opera by Damrosch

Walter Damrosch, the well-known leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has written a comic opera entitled "The Dove of Peace." The libretto is by Wallace Irwin. The opera has been purchased by a syndicate and will be seen next October at the Broadway Theatre.

A Slave of Fatal Enchantment

(Continued from page 82)

"Words are not necessary in this play, eh?" she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but, I want to play in English here some day. I want so much to learn your language, and speak in words to American audiences. I have been on the stage four years, all of the time in Reinhardt's companies. First I played small parts, and then the chance came to play the leading rôle in 'Gawann.' Up until this, Reinhardt did not think I could act, and did not want to let me have an important part, but after I had played in 'Gawann' he changed his mind, and gave me better parts. But he insisted that I had no temperament, until I created the rôle of the slave in 'Sumurun'."

Fraülein Konstantin said that she had never studied the art of the dance nor music, but that she always wanted to be an actress. When a little girl she had played in school festivals, but aside from that she had never had any experience in acting before joining Max Reinhardt's companies.

While acting her rôle of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment, Fraülein Konstantin says she thinks only of her own part, and not of the other players and their parts, nor of the story of the piece, except in so far as it affects her own part. She says, however, that she watches the others intently, just to get the right expression of her face for the different scenes. She and the other actors in "Sumurun," take their cues from the music *motifs*, which fit each rôle; and from the actions of the others, when they happen to be in a position to see them.

The Beautiful Slave's dressing room at the Casino looks more like a modernized Harem bathroom. There is a real, regular-sized bathtub opposite to the large electric light-framed mirror. This is Fraülein's make-up table! She is not a dark-hued maiden off the stage; on the contrary she is the fairest of fair-skinned. To get under the skin of the beautiful Oriental Slave Girl, she takes a "copper bath." With her own secret formula for the right copper hue, she makes up for the Slave with a liquid preparation consisting principally of burnt sienna and ochre, which she applies all over her body with a sponge. As soon as it is rubbed over the skin it dries, leaving her face and body a wondrous dark Oriental tint.

When the "Sumurun" company reached the Casino, among Fraülein Konstantin's "props" was a foot bath tub—the regular Continental bath. But when Mr. Ames learned what it was to be used for, he immediately had a real American bathtub set up in her dressing room. Now, before each performance Fraülein Konstantin takes her make-up bath, and after each performance she takes her makeup-off bath. She says it takes her twenty minutes to make-up in the bathtub with a sponge, and after the performance she is out of her dressing room in twenty-five minutes, after taking a sponge bath. She removes her bathtub make-up in the bathtub with soap and water.

While the rôle of the Slave is very fatiguing, because it has to be made so fervent, still it does not tire Fraülein Konstantin as much as one might suppose that it would. She possesses a remarkable well-knit physique, though as womanly and graceful a figure as it would be possible to find anywhere, outside of the Garden of Eden. The idea that she goes in for physical culture to keep her wonderful grace of body amuses her. She says she likes to ride and walk, and to fence; but as for doing any set forms of exercise, she considers them useless. She is just like an innocent young girl playing o'er the hills and valleys amid the birds and the wild flowers.

Fraülein Konstantin was born in Brünn, Austria, in 188—; but I must not tell the exact date. That would be betraying a trust, and a secret. She told me, though the question was not when, but where she was born.

"But, my dear man, don't tell them my age. It is enough to say that I'm young, is it not so? Yes?" WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

The Lamb's Club, that well-known organization of leading actors, is preparing to give another all-star gambol in May, when the majority of star "lambs" will be at liberty. Two performances will be given in New York, to be followed by single performances in other cities throughout the country. The proceeds of the tour will be devoted to enlarging the present club quarters in Forty-fourth Street.

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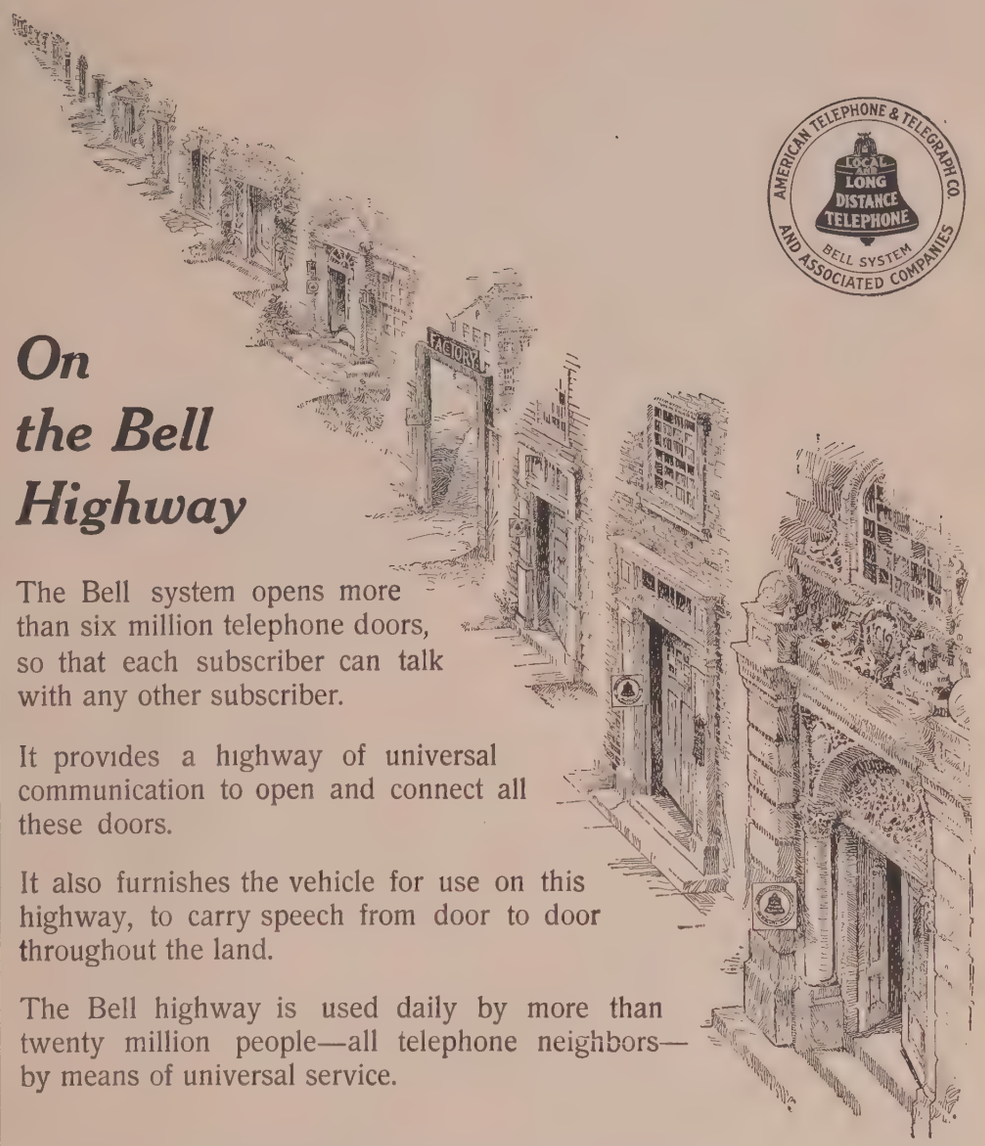

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The Wife of Maeterlinck

(*Continued from page 88*)

going to write a play about me. So, of course, I like that play. Moreover, Ariane contains the soul of the modern woman; it is the expression of what we, of to-day, want and desire and need.

"But as drama, as scenic opportunity, I adore Melisande. She is so helpless, so much a creature of circumstances; so tragically the victim of life, of love, of herself. I prefer the Melisande of the play to her of the opera, however, for in the play she is more real, more alive. But I like her in opera, too, don't you?"

Smilingly, I admitted that I had liked *her* very much, as I had just seen her on the stage against that mediaevally romantic background, and I liked her off the stage, too! It was peculiarly fascinating to hear this Melisande with her long tresses of molten gold discoursing vividly of that twentieth century woman who is tugging at the brain-cells of us all. So, taking a desperate plunge, I asked her if she knew and liked Bernard Shaw's women. The question chanced to touch the spring of one of Madame's pet enthusiasms. "I lofe Bernard Shaw," she said, making her only sally into the pitfalls of the English tongue. "Let me tell you how I went to his rescue in France (she was now back in the language she knows best). One of his plays had been given in Paris, and the critics all attacked it unmercifully. They could not make anything out of it and so they declared there was nothing to be made out of it. I said, to me it means much—that play. I will give a *Conférence* on it. And I did, if you please. At the tenth performance, I gave a *Conférence* which helped Paris to understand the play."

"Which play was it?" I inquired, searching my memory to see if, by chance, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," had been given in Paris, and thinking that it was the finest irony if that city of all cities in the world needed to have Shaw's social sermon interpreted to it in a Maeterlinck *Conférence.*

"The play was 'Candida,'" replied Madame. And she seemed surprised when I told her that even Boston had not easily understood this piece.

Madame expected to give some *Conférences* on the plays of her husband during her stay in America. In her rich golden voice she beautifully enunciates the thoughts of her luminous mind. The diamond on her forehead she wears "because my husband wants me to and because it is becoming"—and the leopard-skin coat, which has so successfully hypnotized the American imagination. It is a fetching coat, too. It was impressive even hanging by one sleeve on a hook in the diva's dressing room. How much more impressive must it therefore be, when enmantelling the sinuous lines of her lovely figure!

Madame Maeterlinck is not really tall, but all her gowns are cleverly designed to give the effect of considerable height and of extreme slenderness.

Similarly her eyes at first glance seem unusually large, but when you look at them intently you see that it is less their size than their baffling color which makes them so compelling. Sometimes they are grey and then again they are blue; but always their depth and brilliancy is enhanced by artistic shading of the lashes. Nor does Madame—who thus shows herself to be a true French woman—scorn to use a pink wash upon the face, and red upon her lips, even when for the stage make-up there has been substituted that of the street

Yet I think it is less how this woman looks than what she is, which keeps true and loyal to her, the greatest poet of our time. It was while she was singing at the Opéra Comique in Paris that they met, the tie between them, being, I am told, her deep appreciation of Emerson as Maeterlinck had translated him! No common woman, this actress, but one who, in sympathy and in mental equipment, could be an inspiring wife to a Symbolist.

Madame Maeterlinck is the sister, it is interesting to add, of Maurice le Blanc, the author of "Arsène Lupin." She herself has done considerable writing, mostly of a philosophical nature; for nowadays she acts only occasionally, the greater part of her time being spent in close comradeship with her husband at St. Wandrille, the picturesque old Norman Abbey, which they are pleased to call their chief home.

MARY CAROLYN CRAWFORD.

Death of Alexander Bisson

The death is announced in Paris of Alexander Charles Bisson, the distinguished French dramatist. He was born in 1848 and was the author of innumerable plays. Perhaps the play the best known in this country, and the one to which he owed his greatest fame, was "Madame X."

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 77)

LIBERTY. "The Opera Ball." Musical comedy founded on "Les Dominos Roses." English libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld and Clara Kummer. Produced February 12 with this cast:

George Dumenil, Harry Fairleigh; Paul Aubier, George Lydecker; Germain, Howard Pascal; Palmyra, Evelyn Carter Carrington; Theophilus Beaubisson, Harry Conor; Angele, Olive Ulrich; Marguerite, Alice Gentle; Celeste Deremy, Miss Cahill; Capt. Beaubisson, Burrell Barbaretto; Yvette, Hazel Kingdon; Fleurette, Dorothy Arthur; Babette, Viola Cain; Coquette, Marjorie Beecher; Philip, Frank Tierney; Fedora, Mayme Gehrue.

It is worth an entire evening at the theatre to hear Marie Cahill's response to the condolences of an attentive admirer anent her recital of the distressing (or diverting) circumstances of her husband's death. The admirer says, "Poor husband!" The widow, with every appearance of innocence of intent, retorts, "He was a poor husband." It is not at all impossible that not one actress in a hundred, trained and rehearsed as she might be, could get the same effect with that sentence. It is uttered artlessly, loaded heavily with an accent that is wholly hidden, and is a completely delicious bit of drollery. It is in moments of this kind when Marie Cahill makes you forgive and forget the vacuity of a story that is old, not continuously interesting and without good craftsmanship in the construction. However, as is customary with modern comic operas, with or without a story, it is patched with color and music and dancing. At intervals the specialty work is attractive and an irregular entertainment for an evening is provided. The story has some coherency, and is consequently a little better than those operas that are entirely without form. That it has form is something to be credited to its original. If the work had been entirely original here, presumably it would have been without form.

A ball room scene gives occasion for the introduction of things belonging to the American method, and these scenes were very spirited and pretty. Marie Cahill is a wise young widow who opens the eyes of two young married women to the flirtations and perspectative habits of their husbands. In order to open their eyes wider she persuades them to go to a masked ball, where, of course, the complications and necessary proof follow. The widow, sagely flirtatious herself, finally brings peace to the disordered families and gives advice that dignifies even comic opera. The impression that she is a wise widow and knows how to handle men is confirmed in the epilogue which she speaks and in which she, with a persuasive smile, advises women that the way to hold a man is to keep him guessing. That's what she has been doing all through the play. The idea is a good one for comic opera, and if this piece were a little better handled as to its action it might even be worthy of Marie Cahill. Here is a remarkable woman—a humorist, an artist. Perhaps her art is a bit wrong in her first appearance in such a frumpy gown. It is hardly necessary to have the audience centre its admiration in her expressive face. The whole of the ample Marie should be in the picture. She is hardly a song bird, but her resortfulness in expression comes to her aid in the few numbers that she has, "What Are We Coming To?" "Sometimes," and "Listen to Me." The songs, done singly or in duets or in trios or quartets, and even the quintet, are in themselves uncommonly good. Mr. Harry Conor, a husband dominated by his wife, and he himself not a dominating figure with other women, always trying to get into the game, but never succeeding, manages to get a little humor in his own peculiar way out of the part as dry as a remainder biscuit. The scenery and costumes are fitting and handsome and the production generally of a high standard of artistic excellence.

GAIETY. "Officer 666." Melodrama farce by Augustus MacHugh. Produced Jan. 29 with this cast:

Bataeto, M. W. Rale; Officer Phelan, 666, Francis D. McGinn; Whitney Barnes, Percy Ames; Travers Gladwin, Wallace Eddinger; Helen Burton, Ruth Maycliffe; Sadie Small, Vivian Martin; Mrs. Burton, Camilla Crume; Alfred Wilson, George Nash; Watkins, Chas. K. Gerard; Police Captain Stone, C. W. Goodrich; Detective Kearney, Thomas Findlay.

This piece is a novelty, and this, no doubt, accounts for the very favorable reception it has received at the hands of the theatregoing public. We have had melodramas by the ton; farces by the cart-load, but seldom do we see such a whimsical combination of both styles of entertainment. It is all nonsense, of course; the situations are preposterous, but it is diverting

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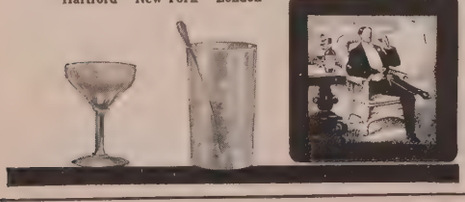

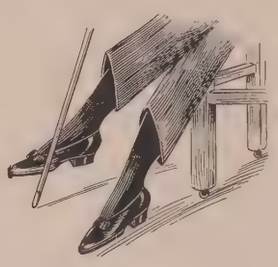

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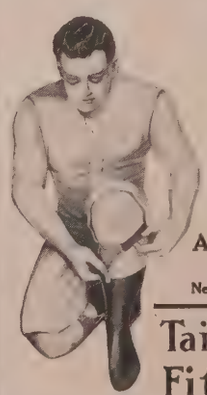

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nonsense cleverly acted, and the interest is so well maintained that no one wants to go home until the dénouement is reached. Particularly is it a play for that worthy, overworked person, "the tired business man," who has so little brains that he has none left when his office hours are over. In "Officer 666" there is nothing to tax the mental powers, nor, on the other hand, does the piece contain anything to stimulate them.

Travers Gladwin, a wealthy young man, who has a fine collection of valuable paintings, returns suddenly from Europe and discovers a plot to steal the treasures of his art gallery. To catch the thief, he persuades Officer 666 to lend him his uniform, and when the thief enters, impudently impersonating Mr. Gladwin, things begin to grow interesting. Wallace Eddinger, a sympathetic and capable young actor, is excellent as Gladwin, and Percy Ames made a hit as a comedy Englishman.

EMPIRE. "A Slice of Life." An advanced drama by J. M. Barrie. Produced January 29 with this cast:

Mr. Hyphen-Brown, John Barrymore; Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, Ethel Barrymore; Frederika, Hattie Williams.

The revival of "Cousin Kate" at the Empire was followed by a burlesque on the modern drama by J. M. Barrie, entitled "A Slice of Life," which turned out to be a play upon plays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, a husband and wife, have been deceiving each other all their lives. Each has withheld from the other an unbelievable past. Suspecting quite the contrary of each other, they are finally forced to confess that even before they knew each other as husband and wife, they have both lived absolutely moral lives. Their entire household is shaken to its foundations by the revelation. They would tell more of their earlier lives to each other but that the confession could only be accomplished in stage "asides"—spoken to the audience—and "asides" are forbidden in the modern drama. Mr. Hyphen-Brown realizes this as keenly as Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, and, in the agony of despair, grief-stricken at the thought that he has always been a virtuous man, although his wife had credited him with a past, he is forced to beg of Mrs. Hyphen-Brown the courtesy of a single "aside"—that he may turn to the audience and express the awful suspicion that "all is discovered; the blow has fallen." Once it is clearly understood between Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown that neither has a past to reveal to the other, it is plain that either husband or wife must go away from here. Mr. Hyphen-Brown is thoughtful enough to inquire about the child, but Mrs. Hyphen-Brown reminds him that there is no child. Neither is there time, nor opportunity, for the husband or wife to supply themselves with a dark and unholy past; so a coin is to be tossed to decide whether Mr. Hyphen-Brown or Mrs. Hyphen-Brown will go away from here. The coin is tossed by the husband at the very moment that the wife cries, "Heads"—with a right-hand gesture that would appropriate the coin. But Mr. Hyphen-Brown scornfully recaptures the coin, returns it to his pocket, and announces that he will go out into the night. If his life has not a past, it must have a present. Mrs. Hyphen-Brown is for the future tense, not the past or the present. "Let us go together," she says, "out into the night."

BROADWAY. "Hokey Pokey." A Potpourri in two acts. Music by John Stromberg, A. Baldwin Sloan and W. T. Francis. Lyrics by Edgar Smith and E. Ray Goetz. Produced Feb. 8 with this cast:

Meyer Bochheister, Lew Fields; Michael Dillpickle, Joe Weber; Josh Kidder, William Collier; Jeremiah McCann, John T. Kelly; Pierre Poisson, George Beban; Mrs. Grafter, Lillian Russell; Peachie Mullen, Fay Templeton; Chlorida, Helena Collier Garrick; Lieutenant Shapeleigh, Frankie Bailey; Henri Montmarte, Adelaide Mason; Aristide Lenuit, Elsie Hamilton; Wilhelm Blatz, Fay Tincher; Toots Hornblower, Pattie Rose; Dodge Chappelle, Madge Vincent; Henri, Joseph Torpey.

The getting together again of the famous vaudeville firm, Weber and Fields, after a separation of seven years, was an important event in the local theatrical world, duly celebrated on February 8th last by a jubilee performance, which, for the size and enthusiasm of its audience, has never been equalled in New York. The theatre was packed to the doors, fabulous prices having been paid for seats and boxes. The appearance of each of the old favorites, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Willie Collier, etc., was the signal for a tremendous ovation, and when the two principals, Joe Weber and Lew Fields, came out hand in hand, wearing their characteristic, grotesque suits and tiny derby hats, the house was in delirium. But the climax was reached when David Warfield unexpectedly came upon the scene (the actor having run over from the Belasco to surprise his old associates) in the familiar "make-up" as the old Jewish peddler, the audience shouted itself hoarse, and Joe and Lew, over-

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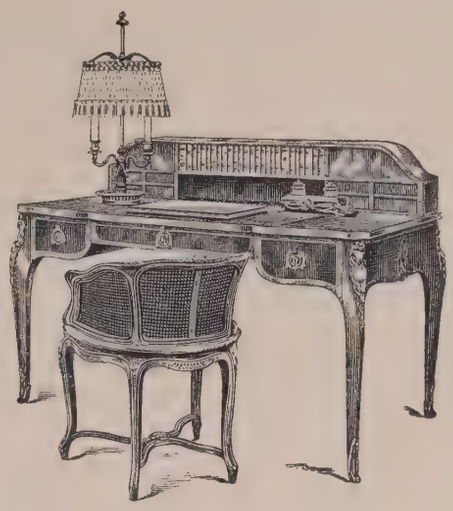

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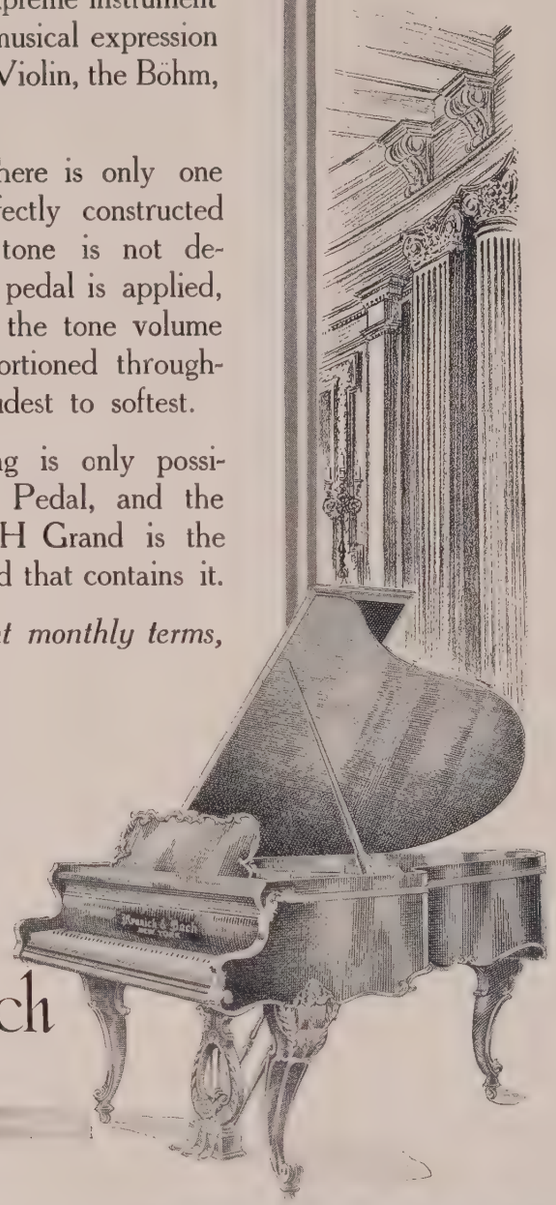

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come with emotion, fell upon each other's waistcoats and wept.

The entertainment they give is a potpourri of Weber and Field reminiscences, having no plot to speak of, but permitting Lillian Russell to wear some ravishing gowns; Willie Collier does some clever character acting, ably assisted by his sister, and George Beban, as a fiery Frenchman; John T. Kelly, and others, were well worth seeing. Fay Templeton sings some songs with her old-time artistic finish, and graceful Bessie Clayton is a delight in the ballet, "Le Clair de Lune." But the chief attraction, of course, is the clever clowning of Messrs. Weber and Fields, who, as mirth makers, have no peers. The entertainment was followed by a parody upon the popular success, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," in which Weber plays the Scotch youth who won't learn his catechism, and Lew Fields the love-sick carpenter. Ada Lewis is capital as the sour spinster, and Fay Templeton is seen as Bunty. William Collier plays Tammas.

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FULTON. "MAKING GOOD." Drama in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced on February 5 last with the following cast:

Morton Lawrence, Charles Lane; Tom Lawrence, William Courtenay; Dan Regan, Griffith Evans; Bradley Harris, P. F. Barrett; Pete Selby, John Willard; Billy Bishop, James Lounsbery; Judge Deane, Frank Hatch; Davy, Robert Lawler; Costigan, L. C. Phillips; Little Joe, C. Wilson Hummel; Anderson, Paul Harris; Clifford, Fred Hornby; Deronda Deane, Doris Keane; Lelia Regan, Alma Belwin; Mrs. Lawrence, Isabel O'Madigan; Widow Leigh, Ada Gilman.

"Making Good" was an example of the slipshod work which a dramatist falls into when he accustoms himself to writing melodramas, necessarily of an inferior order, for the cheaper circuits. Mr. Owen Davis is a playwright of more than ordinary ability, and his desire to get out of popular prices into popular favor of a higher kind with better plays is entirely justified. That in "Making Good" he has failed to enter the class for which he wished to qualify is not conclusive proof that he will not mend his ways. It so happens, however, that his melodrama produced by Mr. Brady was in no manner a reformation of his methods of work. It had no fineness. Its attempted refinement was tawdry. Its emotions were cheap. Its machinery was old. Its characters were crude. All these things can be cured. The old can be rejuvenated. It is simply a question of skill; in other words, "Making Good" would have been an acceptable play if it had been worked out in the right way. Not having taken pains with his work, Mr. Davis gives us a play that is, for the most part, merely sketched in and without light and shade. Haste in the work is evident in that many of the scenes are reminiscential of other recent plays and are much inferior to them. The idea of "making good" is the same idea that is to be found in "The Country Boy" and "The Fortune Hunter," but while the comedy scenes fitted into the scheme of the play, they lacked comedy. The characters, in appearance and in the acting, were types, but they were not characterized in reality by anything they did. They and everything in the play were incomplete.

Half the action, if it could be so called, was off the stage. The locality of three of the acts was at or near a lumber camp, among rough customers. The play begins with a fight and reaches a sort of a climax with another fist fight, both of them absurd in their execution. An old story in new surroundings, properly worked out, might easily pass muster. The son of a rich father, never having made a dollar in his life, and recklessly spending the plentiful supply with which his father supplies him, reaches a lumber camp. He suddenly falls in love with a "good" girl of the camp. Suddenly his father appears and demands that he marry the daughter of a rich man, his rival in business, telling him that this was necessary to save him from financial danger. The son refuses and is disinherited. With about $300 he buys out a general store. Nothing in particular bearing on the development of the story happens there, except that he learns of an opportunity to help his father out of his troubles. He returns home, makes matters worse than ever by refusing the proffered marriage, and then returns to the lumber camp and blows up a jam of logs, thereby saving his father from bankruptcy.

Even as a story this is nothing, and it is impossible to relate it so that it might sound like something. The author no doubt attached much importance to the scene of the logs hurrying down the river as the big scene, but it was misplaced confidence. Mr. Brady had provided everything essential for the success of the piece, but the possibilities of success did not lie in the play. Mr. William Courtenay was the son, who finally made good. Miss Doris Keane, of the puzzlingly attractive face and with a certain lack

of force, was the good girl of the camp. Mr. Frank Hatch gave us a study of a more or less amiable old reprobate after the manner of Old Eccles.

NEW YORK THEATRE. "The Pearl Maiden." Musical play in three acts. Music by Harry Auracher. Libretto by Earle C. Anthony. Produced Jan. 22 with this cast:

Anaka, Davis Wheeler; Veritas Sharpe, Charles J. Stine; Jack Sharpe, Richard Taber; Loraine, Elsa Ryan; Pinkerton Kerr, Jefferson De Angelis; Bob Norris, Burrell Barbaretto; Peg Leg Jukes, F. Holmes; Cockeye Morgan, L. J. De Bold; Vincenzo, Walter Lysat; Bilge, H. Bergman; Nadine, Flora Zabelle; Kaliko, Charles Prince; Talulu, Daisy Leon; Alfonse, Henry Bergman; Gideon Slim, Jerry McAuliffe.

"The Pearl Maiden" is one of those indefinite things that produce small impression at the time of performance and hold no place within the memory in an incredibly short space of time after being witnessed. Perhaps even if there were sufficient coherency in the story to enable us to remember it, it would not be worth remembering. Jefferson de Angelis is always amusing, but in "The Pearl Maiden" his antics are to little purpose. In one scene his activities are circumscribed by a cage. The cannibals are about to eat him. He escapes through the loving service of the Cannibal King's daughter. Material of this kind, it may be observed, although more or less amusing at times, is not new to comic opera. It is new that Pinkerton Kerr (De Angelis) controls a wireless station on an island in some distant sea, and is thus enabled to shape the plot of the plotless story just as he wants to. The lonely wireless operator is visited by friends from the United States; he contrives to unite his particular friend, a young man with the daughter of a millionaire, who opposes the match. Nothing could be easier. The humor of the piece is intermittent, and nothing about the play has any continuous interest. Mr. De Angelis deserves a better medium, and will have to have it. The music and the songs are agreeable and vivacious. There was the usual variety in the dances, which was supplemented by some girls who skipped the rope and disported themselves with that eager animation peculiar to the familiar Pony Ballet. Flora Zabelle and Elsa Ryan were attractive enough to atone for many of the deficiencies of the inadequate opera.

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DALY'S. "The Rose of Panama." Opera comique in three acts. Music by Heinrich Berte. Libretto by John L. Shire and Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced Jan. 22 with this cast:

Remy de Valmore, John J. McGowan; Angele, Anna Bussert; Sever, Mortimer Weldon; Andre Royan, Carrick Major; Jacinta, Chapine; Casterra, Tom Hadaway; Hiram Query, Will Phillips; Major de Molina, Joseph Parsons; Captain Ariza, Gerald Gordon; Lieutenant Pesaro, William R. Reed; Second Lieutenant Guirago, William C. Reed; Corporal, John L. Wheeler; Marcel Arranto, Forrest Huff; Anita, Reina Lazar; Celine Marinter, Fay Bainter; Uncle Billy, Teddy Le Duc.

"The Rose of Panama" has an idea that has been proved available for comic opera these many years, but it is worked out badly. The piece is based on a German operetta, written with adherence to form that has not been abandoned abroad, and the performance is freer than usual from specialty interpolations; but the apparent purpose to have a production after the decent manner of the continent, artistic and not sensual in intent, for some reason fails. Possibly the adaptation is not good. The incidents at times were too much in the nature of burlesque. A Central American revolution affords ready-made material for comic opera, for what is done or attempted to be done in the politics and wars of these irresponsible people is in the nature of the comic. The plot of this piece turns on the plan of the President to bring about a successful revolution which will send him to France in exile plentifully supplied with money. His plans are frustrated by feminine jealousies, and after certain complications, some of them amusing, his forces win, and he has to reconcile himself to remaining at home. The music is decidely good, some of the waltzes going with a great deal of swing. Chapine, the prima donna, was piquant. The other principals were capable, but not brilliant.

The Durbar in Motion Pictures

At the New York Theatre on February 19 was seen "The Durbar in Kinemacolor," the new motion pictures showing for the first time in America the splendid ceremonies in India celebrating the accession of George V. There was some disappointment at the size of the pictures, which are comparatively small, considering the immense frame of the theatre where they were exhibited. But the colors are very beautiful, red and green predominating, and the various pageants, ceremonies, reviews of troops, etc., presented spectacles not soon to be forgotten. Some of the pictures showed figures of fair size, so that the features of the people could be seen.

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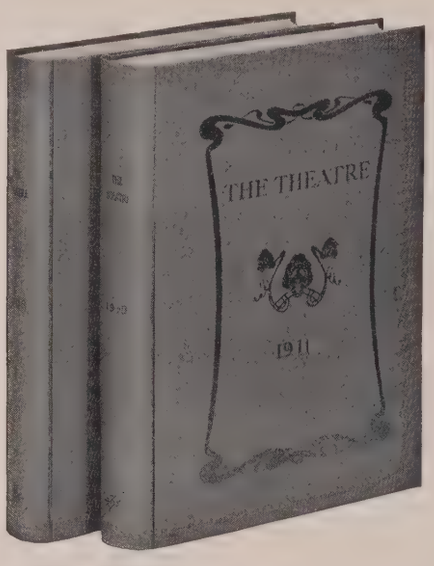

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New Dramatic Books

"The Footlights—Fore and Aft." By Channing Pollock. Boston: The Gorham Co.

Unlike most books about "the drama," which must be pretty dreary reading to anyone who doesn't know the subject well and possesses a keen interest in it, Channing Pollock's "The Footlights—Fore and Aft" is a work essentially for the layman. Men and women whose bread is earned directly or indirectly through the playhouse may chuckle at his sophistication, at the satirical little sidelight he throws humorously upon their habits and habitat, but Mr. Pollock's real public will be made up of the people who want to know. "The Footlights—Fore and Aft" will tell them everything. It is very intimate work, and takes you behind the scenes, where you meet at close range all the people you are curious about in theatredom. It is an encyclopedia of small and great facts regarding the theatre, but an encyclopedia written in the jolliest and chattiest vein. How actors are engaged, and how much they are paid, how scenes are set and "struck," the inside history of numerous famous press agent stories, the general rules for play-writing, the externals of "the Great White Way," the things that happen at rehearsals—all these secrets of the theatre are given away in the brightest and most genial fashion. Mr. Pollock has mixed in a large number of amusing anecdotes and a great deal of intimate detail regarding authors, actors, and managers with whom he has come in contact during a wide and varied experience as newspaper critic, press agent, magazine writer, stage manager and dramatist. The scope of this matter, and the informality of its setting forth, may be judged from one of the chapter headings in the book, which reads: "Concerning Camille, ice cream, spirituality, red silk tights, Blanche Bates, Thomas Betterton, second-hand plays, parochialism, matinée girls and Augustin Daly." There are fourteen chapters in the volume, including the introducton which Mr. Pollock has written himself, because, he says, "no one else seems to know as much about the cleverness of this author as does the author himself." Among the topics treated are "The Writing and Reading of Plays," "The Personalities of Our Playwrights," "On the Great White Way," "What Happens at Rehearsals," "Something About First Nights," "In Vaudeville," and "With the People in Stock." Warren Rockwell has supplied fifty very clever full-page illustrations. No one can read the book without enjoyment and without finding himself or herself, at the end, the wiser for the experience.

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Mr. Daniel Frohman disclaims literary pretension for his book, but it is written with high qualities, clearness of expression, and simplicity, and with a sense of values that make it extremely entertaining and valuable. Naturally, the record of any management or any limited theatrical period must incidentally give some account of people of very fleeting importance, but most of these people are of interest to readers of to-day. In any event, the book has a permanent value, its information and instruction being authoritative and of value to the student, for Mr. Frohman has himself made a study, a very close one, of the conditions of the stage as well as of the technical requirements in playwriting. Some of his most interesting chapters concern the composition of plays and discuss the failures of plays which were expected to succeed and the success of plays the success of which was despaired of.

He gives an account of Dion Boucicault's efforts to write two plays for the Lyceum Theatre. It is pathetic to read the final confessions of the old dramatist that his powers had left him. It is recorded that Boucicault's habit in attending the first performance of a play was to leave after the first act. The veteran playwright saw in his mind's eye the entire structure of the work, and was satisfied. Boucicault was always ready to see suggestions while at work or at rehearsing—no matter from whom.

The manager writes with friendly appreciation of Bronson Howard. Mr. Frohman's activities brought him in personal contact with actors and dramatists of the greatest distinction. Unquestionably the career of the old Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Frohman's management was notable, and constitutes a fine chapter in the history of the New York stage. Some of Pinero's very best plays were brought out at this little house, and some of the most popular actors of the day were first employed there. Among the distinguished foreign actors under his management were the Kendals and Madame Modjeska. David Belasco was the first stage-manager at this notable little theatre. Appended to the volume is a history of the Lyceum Theatre by dates of the production of plays and casts of famous first nights.

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"An actor, having proved satisfactory in a light comedy part, for instance, is doomed to play light comedy for the remainder of his life. Had the opportunity presented itself he might have made just as great a success in a character rôle. He might still do so, but the manager does not like to make experiments. He is sure of his actor in the line in which he first arrived. And so the actor — hampered, handicapped, cramped—had thus become merely a minor detail in a big machine. If he gained individuality It was at the expense of his growth. He became a personality rather than a player, and lacked the versatility of players of the older generation. All these things the palmy-dayer will argue, and argue with conviction.

"But it is a truism that where the need exists a means of supply will be found eventually. And, curiously enough, without any actual initiative on the part of either the actor, the manager, or the public, a great national training school for actors has slowly developed out of the apparent chaos. It bids fair, moreover, to revolutionize the conditions, to replace with an excellent system the temporary inadequate provision for the training of the player. I refer to the popular stock company. In some cities these companies are merely maintained throughout the summer season, giving employment during that period to innumerable actors who have hitherto been idle. In others the experiment has succeeded so well that the companies are maintained all the year around, and the theatres which support them keep open doors long after the painters and decorators have taken possession of the combination houses in anticipation of the regular winter season.

"As a result of this newer activity, about 1,800 actors were kept employed during the present summer who, a few years ago, would have been in idleness as soon as their winter's work was done. At one time this summer there were, by actual count, 149 stock companies playing. Some of these companies contained as many

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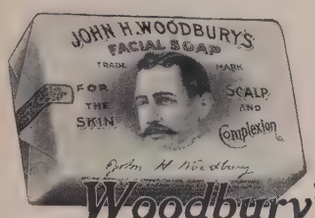

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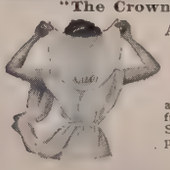

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A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

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Margaret Illington

One of the youngest artists before the public, now starring in "KINDLING," endorses

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An artistic piano in the broadest sense of the term

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

New York City,
December 13th, 1911.

Messrs. HAINES BROS.,
Fifth Avenue & 39th Street,
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Dear Sirs:-

I have found the Haines Bros. Piano a most delightful instrument. Its superb singing tone and delicate responsiveness of action are all that the most critical could desire. It is a pleasure to give expression to my entire satisfaction of this piano.

Very truly yours,
MARGARET ILLINGTON BOWES.

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

Division—American Piano Co.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

A beautiful gown by Bechoff-David, in orange velour, entirely covered with Maline lace. The girdle is of silver tissue finished with pearl tassels. The panel is embroidered in pearls and strass. The picture hat by Lewis, is of black velvet, entirely covered with white plumes

Simplicity is the Keynote of Smart Spring Styles

By HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES

The limits of our fashion department make it necessary to confine this article to subjects of general interest. Those readers wishing more detailed information, or who have individual problems to solve, may receive suggestions thereon by sending a letter of inquiry, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. H. E. F.

IT is surprising how quickly a radically new style will take hold in this country. Last month I mentioned tyl-tyl as the most novel French fabric suited to the construction of the tailored suit. It is a rough-surfaced, yet soft, pliable all-wool material, which for the sake of brevity may be said to be the aristocratic cousin of Turkish toweling. In reality, it is cousin germane to ratine.

Something similar in silk has just been shown by the makers of R. and T. silks, who have just opened a retail silk department with the idea of permitting women to get all kinds of fashionable silks at much less cost than they are to be found in the general stores. If there is no retailer in your town who carries the R. and T. assortment of silks, this firm will send samples direct to you of any kind you desire, and I can assure you that their range of shades and colors is wonderfully good.

Eponge is the French name for this new material when it is made of linen. The tailored suit made of it was first shown in New York by Gimbel. It is a light-weight linen fabric, which looks as though it would launder beautifully. This particular eponge had only a slightly rough surface, and was made with a two-piece skirt, the seams at the left side of the front and right side of the back, and of irregular outline, for near the belt the cut showed three blocks. The jacket was made with three-quarter length sleeves, trimmed with black satin cuffs, which also formed the facing of the revers, and the narrow crushed girdle, which tied in front with two short ends. The principal feature of this jacket was that the skirt was cut separate from the body, and the joining was concealed by the black satin girdle. The back portion of the skirt had a slightly rounded top that gave a high waist line.

A smart style in a separate skirt made of Turkish toweling was seen in a Davidow model. This was a two-piece skirt with the over-lapping edge cut in irregular outline. Another model, also in Turkish toweling, was prettily trimmed with pearl buttons. The Davidow models are always well cut, and great attention given to the smallest details of finish, so that they seldom require alteration to suit the figure, taste and requirements of the average American women.

Among the well-known D. & J. Anderson ginghams you will find the most lovely assortment of fashionable colors. These are especially admirable in the plain colors. I think I have never seen anything quite so lovely as these exquisite colors in wash goods. They are such dependable wearing quality that it seems to me they will make up well, not only in dresses for house and street wear, but will be equally adaptable for coat suits for those who do not care to invest in linen coat suits, either on account of their cost or their weight. Certainly a good quality of gingham is better for this purpose than a poor quality of linen.

An admirable fabric which I forgot to mention last month is the Migel Quality Pussey Willow taffeta. This is a pure dye taffeta of quite a new finish, which is exceedingly attractive. I do not know how to tell you about its lustre, but I am sure that pussey willow taffeta has only to be seen to be appreciated. It is well adapted to the construction of suits, street dresses and those dainty little evening frocks of the Directoire type that we shall, no doubt, see much of the coming season.

Speaking of taffeta, a great deal of this silk will be used for the early spring hats. Some of the milliners are even now showing plain-covered hats of changeable or plain taffeta, the kind of hat so generally called suit hats or tailored hats. These do not appeal to me at all when made of taffeta. Somehow or other taffeta when used for hats seems to require draperies to give it style. On the other hand ribbed silks, such as faille and ottoman, are well suited to the construction of a plain-covered hat. I saw recently a French model made of black moire and faced with old gold faille that was most attractive. Then, too, taffeta is certain to be much seen in the cheaper, ready-made hats, which is certain to spoil its vogue for fashionable wear. A cheap taffeta soon loses its gloss and lustre, and, therefore, in the end is an expensive investment.

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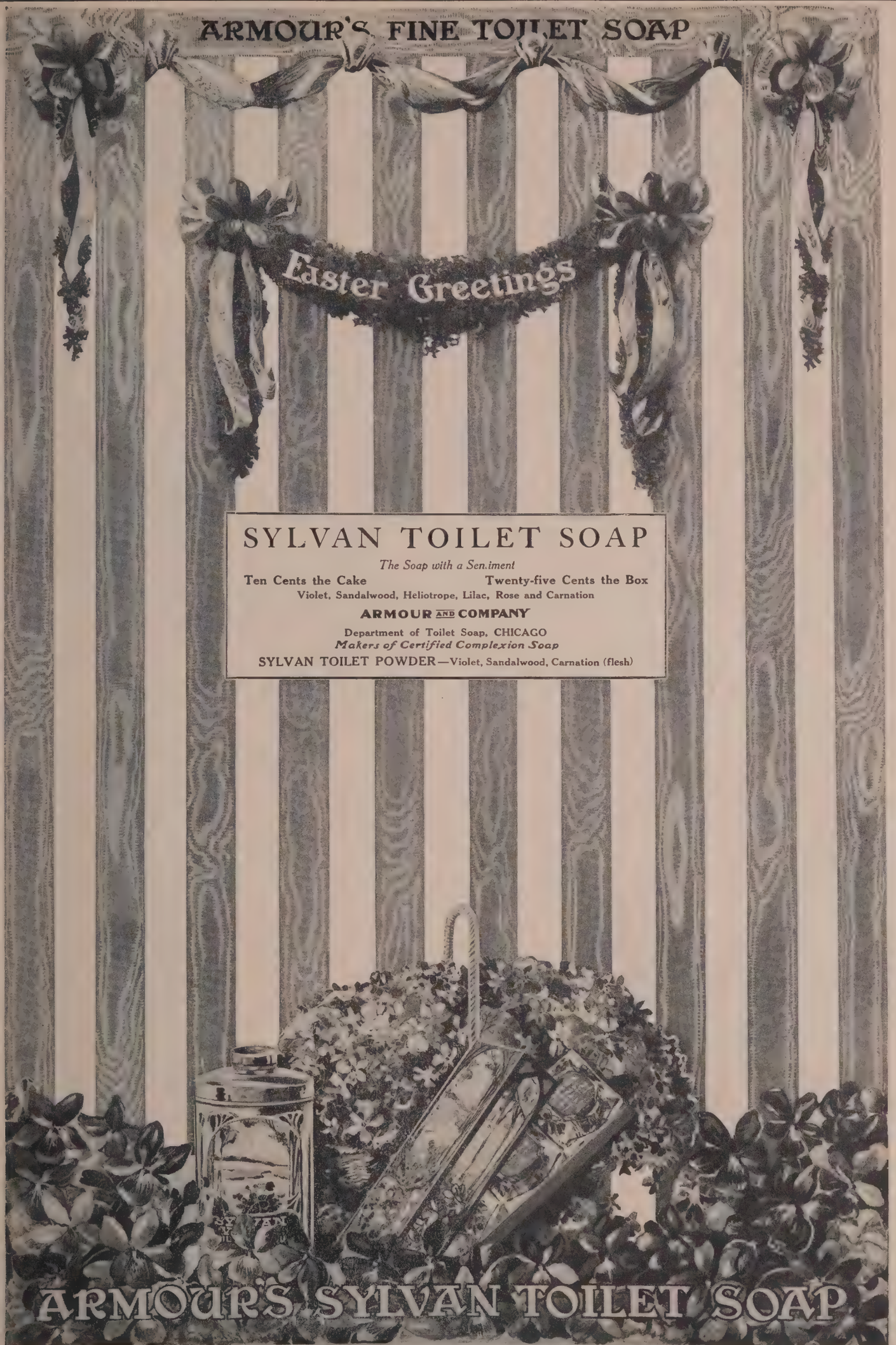
Gage Brothers & Co
Chicago

A great many flowers and quite a little lace will be used on the hats made of soft, pliable straws. These will be exceedingly picturesque, whether they are large or small hats. For the small, close-fitting shapes, that are so immensely comfortable to wear, will be even more popular for most occasions than the large Gainsborough and Rubens shapes. The latter styles will be used by the best-dressed women only for formal occasions, while the small shapes will be selected by them for wear with tailored suits and street dresses.

The parasols with deep curved ribs should be great favorites this summer on account of the height of many hats. Some of the latest French umbrellas take on this same shape, and are quite dressy in appearance with their covers of green, red, plum or blue.

It is really astonishing how few women carry parasols in this country, where women are supposed to be so practical. A parasol is not only a most coquettish and picturesque addition to the toilet, but it adds weeks, even months, to the life of a hat, which, unless shielded from the too ardent rays of the sun, soon becomes faded and shabby. There are colors in parasols that go well with a costume of almost any color. It is a good plan to select the parasol to match the high color on the hat. A black moire or satin parasol looks well on almost any occasion.

There is some tendency towards simplicity in costumes and street dresses. This is very noticeable in the dresses now being worn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ARMOUR'S SYLVAN TOILET SOAP

Each Cake of Soap bearing the Armour Brand carries with it the makers' guaranty of absolute purity and freedom from adulteration

A graceful model in white charmeuse, combined with ivory Venise and black Chantilly lace

by society women when invited to some function where fancy dress is required. One of the great successes of the season for this purpose is the Quaker Girl Dress. This is an extra copy of either the russet brown or the silver gray costume worn by Ina Claire in the musical comedy of that name. The chief ornament of the brown costume is the white mull fichu draped gracefully over the shoulders, while the fichu of the silver gray costume is made more in the form of a collar. Already some of the enterprising makers of ready-made costumes have copied this latter collar and call it the Quaker Girl collar. So it is easy to be seen that when a really smart style is worn on the stage it quickly becomes popular with many classes of women.

Mary Mannering, in "The Garden of Allah," wears in the scene in the desert a grayish green cloth costume of the button front type that is now such a great favorite of general daytime use. Miss Mannering's taste in dress is unusually good. This gown is of extreme simplicity with excellent lines. Some critics insist that this charming actress has taken on too much avoirdupois; if this be the case, then she has found a dressmaker who thoroughly understands the art of concealing the fact.

Nazimova, in "The Marionettes," wears two gowns of gorgeous brocades, which, while they are of extreme cut, are at the same time most picturesque. They are cut to hang from the shoulder and barely indicate the waistline. They are the sort of gown that artists would immensely admire, yet which are becoming to only the most slender and girlish type of figure. Aside from the beauty of the material the gowns are of extreme simplicity.

Heavy laces and embroideries are to be used on the sheerest of materials this season. There are the heavy Cluny and Craponne laces, so generally denominated under the name of guipures. The embroideries are of the cut-out variety in many instances. The most novel have the openwork designs in squares, but the ovals and round designs are quite as fashionable. This form of embroidery, generally spoken of as English embroidery, is used on the finest of lingerie gowns, and often have a band of black or colored chiffon set under the embroidery in order to bring out more effectively the design.

One exquisite French gown had the bottom of the skirt bordered with a wide band of black velvet, over which fell the larger portion of the fifteen-inch band of embroidery. The waist of embroidery was draped in surplice effect over black chiffon, and there was a delicate touch of pink in the girdle and at the neck opening. The same idea might well be carried out with embroidered net, and if velvet seemed too heavy for summer wear, a satin finished crêpe could be substituted, but it must be remembered that velvet trimmings will be quite as smart the coming summer as they were last year. Then, too, this idea is well adapted to the new embroidered tunics, whether in black or color.

There are many beaded tunics among the lately imported ones. These often show a combination of beads and ribbon work. The small flowers of the designs are generally worked with shaded ribbons of the narrowest width. There are also black and white and white and black effects in these tunics. Another new trimming is the beaded fichu. It is quite a cape-like affair, being caught up between the shoulders and falling well over the arms, and then simulating a tied effect falls in two narrow ends to the vicinity of the waist. Such a fichu will be all the ornamentation required on an evening gown if the gown itself is simply yet fashionably draped over one hip.

Net forms the foundation for most of the new tunics and fichus. Those which introduce color show a combination thereof, or else are all in one shade of a color. Among the combinations are such as rose, yellow, blue and lavender, outlined with fine lines of black. Among the newest trimmings for white suits and costumes is wool banding with a Mexican drawn-work pattern. A lot of ball fringe will be used on cotton and linen costumes and suits. These include Irish crochet balls and tiny drops, braid and plain crochet balls. They are just the thing to outline the simulated tunics of tailored skirts and costumes, as well as for edging the wide, flat collars, tops of cuffs and lower parts of the bodice and coat.

There is immense variety in the styles shown in tailored suits. They are distinguished by some oddity of cut that, while it may be termed fantastic, is generally refined. The severe tailored suit seems to be a negligible quantity this season. Yet the new styles do not in the least

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Two Sizes, 50c. and $1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 5000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

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Photo Talbot
A gorgeous evening toilette by Paquin, lavishly embroidered with pearls and mock jewels

resemble the old-time fancy tailor-mades. There is a richness and elegance about the new models that makes them seem nearer kin to the plain tailored suit than to that of over-elaborate aspect.

For example, one French model is made with a plain black satin skirt with a seam down the centre front. Over this is a long redingote of basket weave serge with collar and cuffs faced with black satin. The coat parts in front in a rounded movement from the waistline, and thus descends towards the back, where it reaches within a few inches of the bottom of the short skirt. Such a suit would be lovely with an écru tucked net waist, having a side frill edged with black net for afternoon occasions, while with a black satin bodice with transparent sleeves and yoke it would make an attractive frock for evening occasions.

Skirts for tailored suits are to be quite as narrow as ever, from one and three-quarters to two yards being the accepted widths. The narrower skirt can only be cut by an artist, else it becomes a caricature and a travesty of good taste. Lines are all straight in the skirts; if anything they tend to curve out rather than in. Too often the past year, in the hands of the inexperienced cutter an designer, the skirts sloped in below the hips, whereas they should have been perfectly straight from the greatest width of the hips to the bottom of the skirt. The skirt with invisible plaits, set in at either side of the front and back, will continue to be a favorite with those women who like to follow the fashion for narrow skirts, yet wish to present a graceful appearance when walking.

Women have learned to appreciate the practibility of the narrow skirt, the fact that when well cut it gives them sufficient freedom when walking, and at the same time does not blow about in a disconcerting way on a windy day. The short skirt for street wear has undoubtedly come to stay. There is too much to be said in its favor for women ever again to submit to the tyranny of the trained skirt. Moreover, this season the more refined women will adhere to the skirt that clears the ground, that is, the instep length, some two inches from the ground.

Facts Worth Knowing

[Names of shops from which articles mentioned may be purchased will be furnished upon request and the enclosure of a two-cent stamp.]

The new mohairs brought out for the spring and summer by the manufacturers, Joseph Benn & Son, are a revelation. In weave, coloring, weight and suppleness they meet all the requirements of fashion.

There is a growing demand for this practical fabric, and many of the leading couturiers are using it freely, not only for the strictly tailored suits, but for the more dressy afternoon costumes as well

"Mohair Radiante" is one of the entirely new effects which this manufacturer is introducing this spring, and would sell at the counter for $2.00 a yard, if not more, while direct one pays but $1.35. It comes in exquisite colors and is 54 inches wide.

Many of the striped mohairs will be used in suits and gowns, showing ingenious arrangements of the stripes, thereby forming sufficient ornamentation.

Black taffeta mohair is a handsome material, which sells direct for $1.60 a yard.

Samples of these new fabrics will be sent to you upon request, and the prices attached will show a great saving by buying direct from the mills.

Tucked away in a huge Fifth Avenue building I have found a bit of Paris where all sorts of dainty hand-embroidered underwear can be purchased at wholesale prices.

The clever man at the head of the business imports direct from the manufacturer these garments, which are cut on the correct French lines, but to American measurements. It would be impossible to describe with success the many attractive garments seen here, but a catalogue, I believe, would be mailed upon request to one living at a distance. Not only hand-made lingerie is to be seen here, but some machine-made garments that excel in cut and finish. I noticed particularly the smart lines of a petticoat, which measures just 60 inches at the bottom, and has a deep flounce of lace medallions and edging. This was only $4.00, and would bring all of $6.00 at the larger shops. A great saving may be made by patronizing this little establishment.

At the renowned house of Haas Brothers, of New York and Paris, I was permitted a survey of the new materials for spring and summer, which are to be presented in sets of sample books for leading tailors and dressmakers.

The Simplest and Most Agreeable Way to Keep

THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND FAIR

is to use, morning and night, also before and after exposure to the weather

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

We are sure there's nothing more delicate and refreshing. We have been sending it into refined homes for many years and thousands of letters have come back to us expressing appreciation of the benefit produced by Hinds Cream.

Every bottle is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless,—free from greasy, sticky properties, or anything that can cause or aid a growth of hair. Every application of Hinds Cream will soften the skin, retard a tendency to wrinkles, relieve sore conditions and add attractiveness to the complexion.

50 cents—Sold everywhere or postpaid by us if not obtainable. Don't take a substitute, but write us at once.

Liberal Sample Bottle and Booklet Sent Free.—No Duplicating.

A. S. HINDS 95 West Street PORTLAND, MAINE

Lane Bryant

19 West 38th Street, near Fifth Avenue, **New York**

Negligees and Simple Dresses

A large assortment in a variety of styles always ready for immediate delivery or made to measure at short notice.

Our position is unique among houses that cater to the well dressed.

We specialize in house gowns and simple dresses that distinguish the exclusive wardrobe.

Maternity Dresses

Made in one piece—expand to the figure through all stages without alteration —of crepe de chine, charmeuse, serge, challie, foulard, pongee, cotton voile, swiss, linen and gingham.
Made to measure **$10.75** to **$58.75**

Coats and wraps of cloth, serge, pongee, taffeta and crepe de chine—effective styles for mid-season wear **$22.50** upwards

Send for catalog T

1085 (as illustrated). Maternity Dress, with new crush plaiting at sides and shoulders. Lace yoke, with or without standing collar. Soft frills of lace at sleeves and bodice.

Price, Crepe de Chine, . . **$35.75**
Crepe Mull . . . **20.50**

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Broadway and 163d St., New York

The
Burgesser
Tailored
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Semi-Dress
Hats
for

SPRING and SUMMER

combine the quality and style that characterize all models bearing this trade mark.

For sale at all leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Designed and Introduced by

A. D. Burgesser & Co.

149-151 Fifth Ave.
New York

A fascinating gown by Doucet. The lower part of the skirt is of black satin. The upper part and the bodice are of white satin veiled with exquisite white lace

The latest novelties and most exclusive designs, the smartest weaves and newest colorings, are here shown for the development of the tailor-made to which the French couturiers are giving so much attention this spring.

In fact, it is known that at least three of the leading establishments of Paris are preparing their new models on tailored lines, which promise the greatest variety of styles seen in years. Some of the most ravishing trotteur frocks are being developed in "Faille Marveilleuse," one of the new and distinctive silks shown by Haas Bros. This comes in charming color combinations, black and King's blue, black and magenta, black and turquoise, or the new blonde shade.

The assortment of diagonal silk suitings embrace new shades as well as the still fashionable black and white combinations.

Particularly novel is a diagonal silk suiting of white with stripes of black, brown or grey, the reverse side showing a Persian design.

Possibly few women realize outside of New York City what a wonderful assortment of silks in exclusive weaves and colorings are to be found at Vantine's. Woven by hand, as they were centuries ago, under the supervision of Vantine's silk experts, these fabrics of the purest silk will neither crack nor slit, but will stand the test of time. This not only applies to the soft Oriental pongee, which may be seen here in stripes, diagonals and novelty weaves, but also to the habutai silks which Paris is using so much this season, under another name probably.

These soft Japanese habutais are so practical, similar to foulard, and are obtainable in a wonderful variety of new colors and patterns—stunning white and black effects, white and Russian blue, Paquin red and white, are some of the combinations—the fact of these silks being waterproof is another advantage. For the little knock-about dress, as well as the smart afternoon frock, these silks will be in high favor. The black habutais come as low as 50c., and are also spotproof.

The Japanese suitings are washable, and come in all the new stripes and figures on dark ground or white. These range in price from $1.00 to $1.50 a yard.

It is worth while for a woman to visit this store and see for herself the exquisite materials always to be found here. If this is not possible, one can secure samples by simply writing for them.

Women of New York are fast learning the way to a specialty shop, recently opened, which is devoted to the sale of Irish laces and neckwear. Really remarkable bargains can be obtained at this place, and the designs are all new and original. Beautiful collar and cuff sets, Dutch collars, yokes, jabots of the most approved designs and tiny tabs are all represented in real laces and cost much less than the price charged in the larger shops. Real lace edge and insertions are sold at ridiculously low prices.

But a few weeks ago Rogers, Thompson, Givernaud Co.—for years recognized as leaders of this country in the manufacture of silks—opened their doors to the buying public.

This big firm, always keenly alive to the demands of fashionable women, have amazed thousands who have visited their handsome show-rooms in the heart of the city, by the great assortment of silks in the unlimited variety of weaves and exquisite colorings shown.

What woman will pay retail prices when she may buy at manufacturers' prices? In many cases the retail shop will charge nearly double the price quoted at this new store.

Chiffon taffeta, which is to be so fashionable this season, may be obtained here in 36-inch width, and of beautiful quality, for $1.38; elsewhere the same fabric will bring from $2.00 to $2.50 a yard.

A rich quality Satin Foutre sells for 98c., which brings $1.75 at other places. Striped chiffon taffetas, satins, and messalines, which are all to be worn by fashionable women, sell at 98c., and would bring double that price elsewhere. The colors are uncommon, and will only be shown by the most exclusive shops.

Incredulous women, who call at this store with samples of silks for comparisons, are amazed and convinced.

Exquisite bordered silks, voiles, etc., which sell for from $3.00 to $4.00 a yard, may be obtained for $1.28.

A beautiful Bulgarian bordered silk voile of 42-inch in the new Parchment shade sells for $1.28. Crepe Meteor and Crepe Charmeuse in every known color are on hand. The new silk Turkish toweling you will also find here away below the price charged elsewhere, and scores of new and unusual fabrics just from the looms, and known as yet only to Paris, you will see when visiting this store.

Exquisitely dainty and entirely new is a perfume just brought out by a manufacturer whose name carries with it a guarantee of excellence both here and abroad. Some of the very best bath chrystals are also put up by the same house, who offer to send out samples on receipt of 10 cents. So necessary have bath powder and chrystals become, that many women would not use water on the face without their softening influence.

Personally I have never found anything more effective in the way of a

A striking model in black straw, faced with American beauty shade of taffeta, with American beauties massed on the side

THE certainty that has prevailed, during the past few months, that Foulards would again be pre-eminent among Spring and Summer silks, is sustained by the present popularity enjoyed by

"Shower-Proof"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Foulards

among fashionable folk in the sunny Southland. "Shower-Proof" Foulards for 1912 are beautiful, indeed—the colorings and patterns more varied than ever.

In buying Foulards, always ask for "Shower-Proof." Remember that they are Cheney Silks, and that no other make can be sold as "Shower-Proof."

CHENEY SILKS

for the new season offer a choice of over five hundred different patterns, multicolor prints and border effects in printed dress silks—and each pattern in a variety of colors.

Cheney Silks are too numerous to sample, but if you will send us your name, we will tell you of a store in your locality that sells them.

They include "Shower-Proof" Foulards, Dress Silks of all kinds, Florentines, Decorative Silks, Upholstery Goods, Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Ribbons, Spun Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc., etc.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers 4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

"Dralle's" Is Too Costly to Send You a Sample

Dralle's *Lilac* is the true scent of fresh-cut lilac blooms. Non-alcoholic—exquisitely subtle, and lasting.

"Dralle's" is the most costly perfume sold in America. Women of refinement find it well worth its price.

Seven odors can now be had at your dealer's—Lilac, Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus, Heliotrope and Wistaria, in dainty cut-glass Phial and dropper, as illustrated. Price, $1.50 to $7.50, with the exception of violet, which is $1.75 and up. Inquire for

Dralle's Illusion

(Dralle, Hamburg)

Imported by GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York

J. & J. Slater

THIS cut illustrates a popular boot for women—made in dull kid and patent leather with brown or gray cloth tops—side buttoned with overgaiter effect.

Men who golf will appreciate the light weight and comfort of the new golf boot—made in tan, russet or brown buckskin, blucher cut—no tips and reinforced at the insteps to give added support.

New illustrated price list "A Package of Shoes" with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway at 25th Street, New York

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Redfern Corsets *are known everywhere to be absolutely correct—they are authoritative in design. This means that a Redfern moulds fashionably, and irrespective of the snugness of fit, is thoroughly comfortable.*

Redfern Corsets *not only add grace, but the figure retains all the ease and suppleness of a natural contour, as the season's mode requires. Can be had in the most extreme length of skirt, or the very lowest top—or in the more moderate shapes.*

Redfern Corsets *costing from $3.50 to $15.00 per pair will give more general satisfaction owing to their flexile shaping and wearing qualities, —than "custom-made" corsets costing from $15.00 to $30.00 per pair.*

Sold at all high grade shops and at the best department stores
$3.50 to $15.00 per pair

"Security" Rubber Button Hose Supporters are attached to all **Redfern** *models.*

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
New York *Chicago* *San Francisco*

simple and painless remedy for the sagging of the facial muscles, drooping eyelids and mouth, as an astringent, of which any woman may have a sample bottle sufficient for two applications sent her upon request.

The house handling this preparation is the only one in America representing a world-renowned European facial specialist, and this is one of the many excellent remedies for the care of the face.

The astringent mentioned tightens the loose skin and acts as a tonic to the drooping muscles, restoring lost contour and obliterating wrinkles. Sample and directions sent upon request.

A stunning assortment of chevron diagonal silks is shown in grey with an overstripe of lavender, dark blue with a fine stripe of magenta, and many other beautiful color combinations.

"Gros de Londres" is still another Haas fabric of distinction. This silk has somewhat the character of taffeta, with slightly more body, and is particularly adaptable to tailored suits. It comes in monotone effects. An equally novel array of worsted suitings is to be found in these sample books, and women of taste who love distinctive fabrics cannot afford to overlook them.

The greatest variety of white suiting is obtainable here, one of the very newest being "tyl-tyl," which is very soft, very pliable, and very nobby. The pure white serge, and, in fact, all of the white goods, are softly woven with a delicate surface sheen, which renders them particularly becoming. You will find that the Bernard whip-cords from this house will stand all tests of rubbing, and therefore will be particularly serviceable. Self-striped whip-cords and diagonal Bedford cords come in pure white, and are used in many ways, both here and abroad.

Paquin red and Callot blue are two new colors seen among many others in the Haas books of samples. Paris tan, Pigskin and Russet are others equally charming. The novelty accordion weave is shown in both wool and silk.

No greater assortment of linens can be found anywhere else, which includes the double-faced linens for motor coats, etc.

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Gage Brothers & Co
Chicago

It is a well-established fact these days that a cream of some sort is necessary if a woman wishes to look her best and keep her skin in a healthy condition, not only the woman of years who sees many signs of approaching age, but the young woman as well needs and uses face cream, realizing that it is much easier to hold youth than to woo it back again. In many cases women make the mistake of selecting a cream without due consideration. Some creams contain injurious ingredients, and many cause an unwelcome growth of hair. Creams with a basis of glycerine are efficacious in curing rough or chapped skin, but a perpetual use of glycerine would cultivate wrinkles, so it is the least in doubt as to her particular needs to consult one of the several conscientious and reliable specialists here, who have made a study of every means of correcting blemishes and cultivating beauty to the highest degree of perfection. Many excellent preparations are brought to my notice, and I have occasion to see them demonstrated in many cases, therefore am in a position to recommend to your attention articles and treatment of merit.

Milady of fashion knows that two creams are essential for the proper care of the skin—a good cleansing cream is one, and should be used to cleanse the pores after exposure to dirt, dust and rough winds. There is a most efficient cleansing cream of which I have heard much good. It is creamy and easy to use, and is guaranteed to be free from anything which could disagree with the most sensitive skin. It will improve the complexion in a very short space of time. A greaseless cream will remove grease and shine from the skin and give it a healthy glow, and as a protection should be applied before going out. One I have in mind is equally good for an oily or a dry complexion, and forms an ideal foundation for powder.

A cream which is especially prepared to nourish the skin, being a skin food of the highest order, is marvelously effective in feeding wasted tissues and obliterating lines. This cream is rich in fat-producing quality, and is used for the neck when increased plumpness is desired.

Now that the season for wearing thin stockings is here, it is well to know of a stocking protector which keeps them from tearing at the upper edges. We all know how often an entirely new pair of stockings is found to be torn by the garter supports on once wearing. This little device can easily be sewed to the garter support, or else simply laid between the stocking and the clasp. By its use the stockings last much longer than they otherwise would do, and it takes only a second to adjust the protector, while the cost, twenty-five cents for six, is comparatively nothing, considering the price and the longer life of the stockings when it is used.

Quite a new idea for the toilet is Rouge Japonais. It is nothing more nor less than a specially treated piece of flannel, which is to be rubbed on the parts desired to be tinted. It is put up in a box small enough to be carried in the purse. It has the advantage of not flying over the clothing as rouge powder is so apt to do, and is much easier to carry than liquid rouge. The originators guarantee it to be harmless. For a light shade the cloth must be rubbed on the parts very lightly, for a deeper shade it must be used more freely. It gives a lasting color, which can only be removed with soap and water. It is easier to wash off than liquid rouge, and, of course, lasts on the skin longer than powder rouge. Altogether it is a very desirable form of rouge for the tourist, or the women who desire to touch up their complexions while at the theatre, receptions, etc.

A reduction salve that really performs marvels has just been put on the market by a thoroughly reliable woman, whom I have known for many years. She first tried it on herself, and lost twenty-five pounds in about two months, yet without causing any wrinkles in

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her face; indeed, I think her complexion looks better than it did before. This salve simply has to be rubbed into the skin wherever there is superfluous flesh, and gradually that "too, too solid flesh" melts away. There are no ill consequences to this treatment. The effect of the salve may, indeed, be heightened if a good masseuse is employed to do the rubbing. The ugly cushion of fat at the back of the neck quickly disappears with the daily use of this salve, and even large hips and busts succumb to this treatment after a few weeks' treatment. There is actually no reason now for any woman to suffer from the disfigurement of a double chin, when she can rub it away so easily in a few evenings.

Improvement is the line of progress that makes for success. I have frequently told you of a spiral collar support that gives with every movement of the neck. Now the inventor has so improved it that it cannot rust, and is easily sewed through. This is accomplished by means of cushion ends that are simply covered with a simple crochet, so that even the tenderest and most sensitive neck is thoroughly protected. These supports come either in white or black, three on a card for ten cents, and are made in several sizes.

One of the daintiest beauty parlors in New York has recently been opened by Mrs. Mary Grey, a woman of charming personality, who numbers among her patrons a long list of well-known American women. Mrs. Grey is thoroughly experienced in the art of beauty culture, and has equipped her establishment with the latest and best electric devices invented for the face, neck and eyes. Moreover, Mrs. Grey gives personal supervision to each case, though the actual manipulation may be done by one of her able assistants. Her consultations are free of charge, and I am sure that any one who tries her method will become a convert thereto. Mrs. Grey also makes a specialty of making up the face for evening entertainments, and things which in this day of glaring electric lights becomes absolutely necessary for the most famous beauty. Mrs. Grey understands the art of make-up, so that there is *no* artificial appearance: the subject simply looks her best; in other words, is the epitome of youth and health.

Many times have we been offered good models in the way of brassieres since they have been recognized as a necessary adjunct to dress, but the height of perfection has been reached in the latest Warren models. They are made of high grade fabric, beautifully finished, and are light and pliable. Washing does not injure the boning.

[*Names of shops from which articles mentioned may be purchased will be furnished upon request and the enclosure of a two-cent stamp.*]